

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS and HYMNS,  
Extracted from different Authors.

WITH A  
P R E F A C E,  
BY  
The Reverend Mr. De COURCY.

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*Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the LORD. Col. iii. 16.*

*Worthy is the LAMB that was slain, to receive power, and riches. and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Rev. v. 12.*

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# PRELACE

The British Museum is a place of great interest and importance to the public. It is a place where the history of the world is preserved and where the people of the world can learn of the past and the present. The Museum is a place of great interest and importance to the public. It is a place where the history of the world is preserved and where the people of the world can learn of the past and the present.



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## P R E F A C E.

AS the book of *Psalms* abounds with subjects of praise, it has therefore proved a rich fund for hymnal composition. But, it ought to be remembered, that various passages in the writings of *all* the prophets celebrate “the sufferings of CHRIST, and the glory that should follow,” in as lively and evangelical strains, as any that dropped from the pen of even the *sweet Psalmist of Israel himself*; and would consequently admit of as easy and profitable a versification. When our Church, therefore, published the book of *Psalms* in English metre, it is much to be regretted, that all the *historical* and *imprecatory* ones, (as they are called) were not omitted, to make room for some suitable extracts from the *Prophets* and the *Apostles*.

Our Version, it is allowed, may have some excellencies; but, every person of judgment and candor, must acknowledge, that it has its *deficiencies* to. Whoever possesses the smallest taste for *poetical* composition, will easily perceive, that *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, (the versifiers of our psalms) were better acquainted with the truths of *Divinity*, than conversant in the beauties of *Poetry*; and that a wreath of *laurel* did by no means suit their brow; or, as *Fuller* in his *Church-History* facetiously observes, “they drank deeper of the

• 3 *Peter*, i. 11.

“water

“ *water of life*, than of the streams of *Helicon*.” For, not to say that the *metre* is extremely unflowing, the *rhymes* very unharmonious, the *diction* very uncouth, and the *sense* in many places exceedingly perplex; I wish there was no cause to fear, that sometimes we meet with *no sense at all*.

But the jargon of language and uncouthness of rhymes, so glaring in our version, are not the *only* defects. It is embarrassed, moreover, with considerable *obscurity*. The psalms are full of the glory of *CHRIST*; though, indeed, that glory is, in a great measure, *veiled*. But it is peculiar to the *New Testament*, to *develope*, or, throw light, upon the *Old*; that is, so to remove the veil of *obscurity*, as to exhibit, as in a bright mirror, the most advantageous manifestation of the GRACE, WORK, and PERSON of *CHRIST*. And, every one, who would form any edifying paraphrase on any part of the Old Testament, whether in prose or verse, should keep this point constantly in view. But this is not done in *our* version, nor in that of *Tate* and *Brady*, though the latter has considerably the advantage in point of *poetic* accuracy; no, nor even in the very elegant *versification* of *Doctor Merrick*. In all these compositions, we labor through great Old-Testament *obscurity*, which is manifestly done away in *CHRIST*; and see more of *Moses's* VEIL, than of the *glory*, which beams from the head of his illustrious *Antitype*.

The

The Church of *Scotland* is not less embarrassed in this respect. The version of the *Kirk* is not a whit more *poetical*, or more *evangelical* than our own. Many pious and judicious men, therefore, in *both* Churches, have earnestly wished to see such a collection of *psalms*, *hymns*, and *spiritual songs*, taken from the Old and New Testament, as would do honor to our language, to British poetry, and to sound divinity.

With a design, then, to obviate the defects of our Version, to gratify the requests of many of my hearers, to encourage *gospel psalmody*, and to promote the glory of *GOD*, I have taken the liberty to publish the following collection of psalms and hymns; praying that the *LORD* would accompany them with a divine blessing, and teach us to sing “with the Spirit, and with the understanding also.”

It has been frequently observed, that no part of divine worship approaches so nearly to the immediate employ of glorified spirits, as that of singing the praises of our *GOD*. And it is very much to be wished that the heavenly exercise may so universally prevail, as to abolish forever those “ungodly songs” (as the Church of England very justly styles them) “which tend only to the nourishing of vice, and the corrupting of youth.”\*

\* See the Title-page to the Book of Psalms, collected into English metre; by T. S. and J. H.

In order to captivate our hearts, to elevate our affections, and to inspire our songs with sacred fire, the Scriptures present us with a variety of subjects, which, for their importance, dignity, beauty and worth, as much surpass every *human* composition, as *thunder* is louder than a *whisper*, or the heavens higher than the earth.

There is one subject throughout the inspired writings, which hath in all things the pre-eminence, and claims our highest praises; because indeed it is the centre of all evangelical truth, and the glory of *Revelation* itself: and that is, the FINISHED REDEMPTION of the SON of GOD.— A subject, big with the most illustrious display of the divine attributes, and replete with inexpressible consolation to lost sinners.

To celebrate this most grand, most delightful, and most glorious subject, is principally the design of GOD in his word, and the chief business of the inspired Writers. The *Prophets* under the Old, and the *Apostles* under the New-Testament dispensation, join in bearing their testimony to the “unsearchable riches of *CHRIST*.” Yea, to praise REDEEMING LOVE, is the ambition of *Angels*. The glorious topic animates their songs, gives music to their golden harps, spreads a sacred *emulation* among Cherubim and Seraphim, and constitutes the grand harmony of Heaven itself: whilst the Church militant and Church triumphant,



triumphant, form one general chorus, and sing,  
 “ Worthy is the *LAMB* that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.”  
*Rev. v. 12.*

To recommend, celebrate, and enforce the same blessed theme, is the chief design of the following Collection; wherein, the various authors, from whence it hath been iormed, concur in extolling the grace of our *LORD JESUS CHRIST*, the essential Divinity of his *person*, the glory of his *redeeming work*, the infinite merit of his great *atonement*, the perfection of his *righteousness*, the virtue of his *blood*, and the power of his *Spirit*. Topics these, of such importance, that *without* them, our most elaborate prayers or praises are flat, jejune, and insipid; while, *with* them, *both* ascend up before *GOD*, an acceptable sacrifice, a sweet perfume.

I shall detain the pious reader no longer than to inform him that my heart's desire and prayer to *GOD*, is, that, while his *voice* is employed in singing these blessed hymns, their important subjects may deeply affect his *heart*, and influence his *life* and *conversation*. A tuneful voice is not essential to salvation; but a *musical heart* is. I mean a heart rendered melodious by the *grace* of *GOD*; as saith the Apostle, “ Singing and making melody with *grace* in your hearts to the *LORD*.”

**LORD."** *Eph. v. 19. Col. iii. 16.* And as the crowning grace in every act of prayer or praise, is *faith*, its influence is is therefore of the utmost consequence. It is *faith*, that enables us to offer up all our sacrifices through *CHRIST*, the golden altar that *sanctifieth the gift*. It is the same powerful grace, that quickens our prayers, and enlivens our songs; that apprehends the Redeemer in every part of his mediatorial undertaking, and makes him unspeakably precious in the *offices* he bears, and the indearing *characters* he assumes; that realizes things invisible, and gives a foretaste of Heaven itself. If *faith* increase; so will our *love* to *CHRIST*, in proportion. As love expands itself, we shall naturally delight in *praise*. As praise flows, so must consequently our *happiness*. Thus by *believing in, loving, praising, glorifying, and exalting CHRIST*, we may in a degree anticipate the *song of Moses and the LAMB*, and live a little Heaven upon earth. That this may be the happy privilege of all, who love the *LORD JESUS* in sincerity, is the fervent desire of their affectionate servant in the gospel,

*Richard De Courcy.*

*Sbrowsbury, December 6, 1775.*

A  
COLLECTION, &c.

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PART I.

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H Y M N I.

*Extracted from the Ordination-Office.*

COME HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,  
*And lighten with celestial fire,*  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
*Who dost thy sev'nfold gifts impart,*  
Thy blessed Unction from above,  
*Is comfort, life, and fire of love,*  
Enable with perpetual light  
*The dulness of our blinded sight.*  
Anoint and chear our soiled face,  
*With the abundance of thy grace.*  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
*Where thou art guide, no ill can come.*  
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,  
*And Thee, of both to be but one;*  
That through the ages all along,  
*This, this may be our endless song.*  
Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

A

HYMN

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A

HYMN



## H Y M N II.

*The Happiness of God's Israel.* Deut. xxxiii. 29.

## I.

O *Israel*, blest beyond compare!  
 Unrival'd all thy glories are;  
 JEHOVAH deigns to fill thy throne,  
 And calls thine int'rest all his own.

## II.

He is thy SAVIOUR; he thy LORD;  
 His shield is thine; and thine his sword:  
 Review in extacy of thought  
 The grand Redemption he has wrought.

## III.

From *Satan's* yoke he sets thee free,  
 Opens thy passage thro' the sea;  
 He thro' the desert is thy guide,  
 And Heav'n for *Canaan* will provide.

## IV.

Not *Jacob's* sons of old could boast  
 Such favors to the chosen host;  
 Their glories, which thro' ages shine,  
 Are but dim shades, and types of thine.

## V.

Celestial SPIRIT, teach our tongue  
 Sublimier strains than *Moses* sung,  
 Proportion'd to the sweeter name  
 Of GOD the SAVIOUR, and the LAMB;

HYMN

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H Y M N III.

*Ebenezer.* 1 Samuel vi. 12.

I.

**M**Y helper God! I bless his name:  
The same his pow'r, his grace the same,  
The tokens of his friendly care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.

II

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand;  
And see, when I review my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

III.

Thus far his arm hath led me on;  
Thus far I make his mercy known;  
And, while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

IV.

My grateful soul, on *Jordan's* shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:  
Then bear, in his bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

H Y M N IV.

*The great Journey.* Job xvi. 22.

I.

**B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread  
Down to the regions of the dead!  
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back our way.

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Our

## II.

Our kindred and our friends are gone ;  
 Know, O my soul, this doom thy own ;  
 Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,  
 The same my *way*, my *house* the same.

## III.

From vital air, from chearful light,  
 To the cold grave's perpetual night,  
 From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
 Must I to God's tribunal pass ?

## IV.

Important journey ! awful view !  
 How great the change ! the scenes how new !  
 The golden gates of heav'n display'd,  
 Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade !

## V.

Awake, my soul ; thy way prepare,  
 And lose in this each mortal care ;  
 With steady feet that path be trod,  
 Which thro' the grave conducts to God.

## VI.

JESUS, to thee my all I trust,  
 And, if thou call me down to dust,  
 I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,  
 And die in smiles at thy command.

## VII.

What was my terror, is my joy ;  
 These views my brightest hopes employ,  
 To go, e'er many years are o'er,  
 Secure I shall return no more.

HYMN

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H Y M N V.

*Triumph in God's Protection. Psalm xviii. 3.*

I.

**L**EGIONS of foes beset me round,  
While marching o'er this dang'rous  
Yet in JEHOVAH's aid I trust; [ground;  
And in his power superior boast.

II.

My buckler he: His shield is spread  
To cover this defenceless head:  
Now let the fiercest foes assail,  
Their darts I count as rattling hail.

III.

He is my rock, and he my tow'r;  
The base how firm! the walls how sure!  
The battlements how high they rise!  
And hide their summits in the skies.

IV.

Deliv'rances to God belong;  
He is my strength, and he my song;  
The horn of my salvation he,  
And all my foes dispers'd shall flee.

V.

Thro' the long march my lips shall sing  
My great Protector, and my King,  
'Till Zion's mount my feet ascend,  
And all my painful warfare end.

Rais'd

## VI.

Rais'd on the shining turrets there,  
Thro' all the prospect wide and fair,  
A land of peace his hosts survey,  
And bless the grace that led the way.

## H Y M N VI.

*The Gospel Jubilee.* Psalm lxxxix. 15.

## I.

**L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round,  
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,  
And hail the LORD's accepted year.

## II.

Ye *debtors*, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe,  
When humbled at his feet ye fall,  
Your gracious LORD forgives them all.

## III.

*Slaves*, that have borne the heavy chain  
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And urge the great REDEEMER's name.

## IV.

The rich estate by *Adam* lost,  
Restor'd by CHRIST, you now may boast;  
Fair *Salem* your arrival waits,  
To golden streets, and pearly gates.

Her



## V.

Her blest inhabitants no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore :  
No debt, but love immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

## VI.

O happy souls that know the sound !  
God's light shall all their steps surround ;  
And shew that *Jubilee* begun,  
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

## H Y M N VII.

*The innumerable Mercies of GOD thankfully acknowledged. Psa. cxxxix. 17, 18.*

## I.

**I**N glad amazement, LORD, I stand  
Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;  
How numberless those bounties are !  
How rich, how various, and how fair !

## II.

But O ! what poor returns I make !  
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !  
LORD, I confess with humble shame,  
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.

## III.

Fain would my lab'ring heart devise  
To bring some nobler sacrifice :  
It sinks beneath the mighty load :  
What shall I render to my God ?

To

## IV.

To him I'd consecrate my praise,  
And vow the remnant of my days;  
Yet what at best can I pretend  
Worthy such gifts from such a friend?

## V.

In deep abasement, LORD, I see  
My emptiness and poverty:  
Enrich my soul with grace divine,  
And make it *wholly, ever*, thine.

## VI.

Give me at length an angel's tongue,  
That heav'n may echo with my song;  
The theme, too great for time, shall be  
The joy of long eternity.

## H Y M N VIII.

CHRIST *the Steward of God's Family.* Isaiah  
xxii. 22—24.

## I.

WITH what delight I raise my eyes,  
And view the courts where JESUS  
JESUS, who reigns beyond the skies, [dwells!  
And here below his grace reveals.

## II.

Of David's royal house the *key*  
Is borne by that majestic hand;  
Mansions and treasures there I see  
Subjected all to his command.

He

## III.

He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain  
 The mighty obstacle to move;  
 He looses all their bars again,  
 And who shall shut the gates of love?

## IV.

Fix'd in omnipotence he bears  
 The glories of his Father's name,  
 Sustains his people's weighty cares,  
 Thro' ev'ry changing age the same.

## V.

My little all I there suspend,  
 Where the whole weight of heav'n is hung:  
 Secure I rest on such a friend,  
 And into raptures wake my tongue.

## H Y M N IX.

CHRIST, *the Lord our Righteousness*. Jer. xxiii. 6.

## I.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,  
 And in that name we trust;  
 Thou art the LORD our Righteousness,  
 Thou art thine *Israel's* boast.

## II.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
 And low in dust we lie,  
 'Till JESUS stretch his gracious arm  
 To bring the guilty nigh.

B

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III.

The sins of one most righteous day,  
Might plunge us in despair;  
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years  
Shall our great Surety clear.

IV.

That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,  
Shall deck us all around ;  
Nor by the piercing eye of God  
One blemish shall be found.

V.

Pardon and peace and lively hope,  
To sinners now are giv'n ;  
*Israel* and *Judah* soon shall change  
Their wilderness for heav'n.

H Y M N X.

*The Possibility of Dying this Year.* Jeremiah  
xxviii. 16.

For New-Year's Day.

I.

**G**OD of my life, thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each op'ning  
year;  
This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew mine annual song.

How

( II )

II.

How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day the changing sun  
Thro' his last yearly period run!

III.

We yet survive; but who can say,  
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,  
"I will retain this vital breath;  
"Thus far at least in league with death \*?"

IV.

That breath is thine, eternal God,  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode:  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.

V.

To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them and own them still as thine;  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

VI.

Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.

\* *Isaiah* xxviii. 15.



H Y M N XI.

*God bringing his People into the Covenant under  
the Rod. Ezek. xx. 37.*

I.

**H**OW gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God!  
And O! how rich the blessings are,  
Which blossom from his rod!

II.

He lifts it up on high  
With pity in his heart,  
That ev'ry stroke his children feel  
May grace and peace impart.

III.

Instructed thus they bow,  
And own his sov'reign sway;  
They turn their erring footitaps back  
To his forsaken way.

IV.

His cov'nant love they seek,  
And seek the happy bands,  
That closer still engage their hearts  
To honor his commands.

V.

Dear FATHER, we consent  
To discipline divine;  
And bless the pains, that make our souls  
Still more completely thine.

HYMN

H Y M N XII.

*The Meek beautified with Salvation.* Psalm  
cxlix. 4.

I.

**Y**E humble souls rejoice,  
And chearful triumphs sing;  
Wake all your harmony of voice,  
For JESUS is your king.

II.

That meek and lowly LORD,  
Whom here your souls have known,  
Pledges the honor of his word,  
T' avow you for his own.

III.

He brings falvation near,  
For which his blood was paid:  
How beauteous shall our souls appear  
Thus sumptuously array'd !

IV:

Sing, for the day is nigh,  
When near your Leader's feet,  
The tallest sons of pride shall lie,  
The footstool of your feet.

V.

Salvation, LORD, is thine;  
And all thy saints confess,  
The royal robes in which they shine,  
Were wrought by sov'reign grace.

HYMN

H Y M N XIII.

God *comforting and rejoicing over Zion.* Zeph.  
iii. 16, 17.

I.

**Y**ES, 'tis the voice of love divine,  
And O! how sweet the accents found!  
Afflicted Zion, rise and shine,  
Fair mourner, prostrate on the ground.

II.

The mighty God, thy glorious King,  
Tender to pity, strong to save,  
Hath *sworn* he will salvation bring,  
Tho' sorrow press thee to the grave.

III.

He all a father's pleasure knows  
To fold thee in his dear embrace;  
His heart with secret joy o'erflows,  
And cheerful smiles adorn his face.

IV.

At length the inward extacy  
In heav'nly music breaks its way;  
Jehovah leads the harmony,  
And angels teach their harps the lay.

V.

Fain would my lips the chorus join,  
And tell the list'ning world my joys,  
But condescension so divine  
In silence swallows up my voice.

HYMN

H Y M N XIV.

CHRIST *the Sun of Righteousness*. Mal. iv. 12.

I.

TO thee, O God, we homage pay,  
Source of the light that rules the day;  
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,  
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

II.

In louder strains we sing that grace,  
Which gives the *Sun of Righteousness*;  
Whose nobler light salvation brings,  
And scatters healing from his wings.

III.

Still on our hearts may JESUS shine  
With beams of light and love divine!  
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,  
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

IV.

O may his glories stand confess'd  
From north to south, from east to west,  
Successful may his gospel run  
Wide as the circuit of the sun!

V.

When shall that radiant scene arise,  
When fix'd on high in purer Skies,  
CHRIST all his lustre shall display  
On all his saints thro' endless day?

HYMN

( 16 )

## H Y M N XV.

*The attractive Influence of a crucified Saviour.*  
John xxii. 32.

I.

**B**EHOLD th' amazing sight,  
The SAVIOUR lifted high !  
Behold the SON of GOD's delight  
Expire in agony !

II.

For whom, for whom, my heart,  
Were all these sorrows borne ?  
Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn ?

III.

For love of us he bled,  
And all in torture died :  
'Twas love, that bow'd his fainting head,  
And op'd his gushing side.

IV.

Drawn by such cords as these,  
Let all the earth combine  
With chearful ardor to confess  
The energy divine.

V.

In thee our hearts unite,  
Nor share thy grief alone,  
But from thy cross pursue their flight,  
To thy triumphant throne.

HYMN



( 17 )

H Y M N XVI.

*The Disciples' Joy at CHRIST's Appearance to them  
after his Resurrection. John xx. 19, 20.*

I.

COME, our indulgent SAVIOUR, come,  
Illustrious conqu'ror o'er the tomb:  
Here thine assembled servants bless,  
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

II.

O come thy-self, most gracious LORD,  
With all the joy thy smiles afford;  
Reveal the lustre of thy face,  
And make us feel thy vital grace.

III.

With rapture kneeling round we greet  
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet;  
And from the scar, that marks thy side,  
We see our life's warm torrent glide.

IV.

Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest;  
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,  
Not for one transient hour alone,  
But there to fix thy lasting throne.

V.

Own this mean dwelling as thy home;  
And, when our life's last hour is come,  
Let us but die, as in thy fight,  
And death shall vanish in delight.

C

HYMN

( 18 )

H Y M N XVII.

*Appeal to CHRIST. John xxi. 15.*

I.

**D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each curst idol out,  
That dares to rival thee.

II.

Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,  
When JESUS cannot move.

III.

Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My SAVIOUR'S voice to hear?

IV.

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD;  
But O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

H Y M N XVIII.

*Immortality of CHRIST. Heb. xiii. 8.*

I.

**H**IGH on his Father's royal seat  
Our JESUS shone divinely great,  
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,  
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd. Thro'

## II.

Thro' all succeeding ages he  
 The same *hath* been, the same *shall* be:  
 Immortal radiance gilds his head,  
 While stars and suns wax old and fade.

## III.

The same his *pow'r* his flock to guard;  
 The same his *bounty* to reward;  
 The same his *faithfulness* and *love*  
 To saints on earth, and saints above.

## IV.

Let nature change and sink and die;  
 JESUS shall raise his chosen high,  
 And fix them near his stable throne  
 In glory changeless as his own.

## H Y M N XIX.

CHRIST *precious to the Believer.* 1 Pet. ii. 7.

## I.

JESUS, I love thy charming name;  
 'Tis music to mine ear;  
 Fain would I found it out so loud,  
 That earth and heav'n should hear.

## II.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport, and my trust:  
 Jewels to me are empty toys,  
 And gold is fordid dust.

III.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish  
In thee doth richly meet :  
Nor to mine eyes is *light* so dear,  
Nor *friendship* half so sweet.

IV.

May grace still dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care !

V.

I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
Then speechless clasp *thee* in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

H Y M N XX.

*The Blood of CHRIST cleansing from all Sin.*

1 John, i. 7.

I.

**M**Y sins, alas ! how foul the stains !  
How deep, and O ! how wide !  
O'er my polluted soul they spread,  
In double crimson dy'd.

How

II.

How shall I stand before that God,  
In whose all-piercing sight  
Some shades of darkness seem to veil  
The *purest* sons of light ?

III.

Where shall I wash these spots away,  
And make my nature clean,  
Since drops of penitential grief  
Are tinctur'd still with sin ?

IV.

Behold a torrent all-divine  
Flows from the SAVIOUR'S side,  
And strangely bears a crystal stream  
Amidst the purple tide.

V.

Here will I bathe my spotted soul,  
And make it pure and fair ;  
Till not the eye of God discern  
One foul pollution there.

VI.

Then drest in robes of snowy white,  
I'll join the shining band,  
And learn new anthems to the LAMB,  
While round his throne we stand.



H Y M N XXI.

*Worthy is the LAMB, &c. Rev. v. 12.*

I.

**G**LORY to God on high,  
Let praises fill the sky;  
Praise ye his name;  
Angels his name adore,  
Who sin and sorrow bore,  
And saints cry evermore  
*Worthy the LAMB.*

II.

All those around the throne,  
Chearfully join in one,  
Praising his name;  
Him our exalted LORD,  
By us below ador'd,  
We praise with one accord,  
*Worthy the LAMB.*

III.

Join all the human race,  
Our LORD and GOD to bless,  
Praise ye his name;  
In him let us rejoice,  
Making a chearful noise,  
And say with heart and voice,  
*Worthy the LAMB.*

HYMN

H Y M N XXII.

*CHRIST, the Believer's Support under Trials.*

I.

**I**N ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,  
True faith to JESUS flies;  
It's anchor-hold, is firm in him,  
When swelling billows rise.

II.

His comforts bear our spirits up,  
We'd trust a faithful GOD;  
The sure foundation of our hope  
Is in a SAVIOUR'S blood.

III.

Loud hallelujah's sing each soul  
To thy REDEEMER'S name;  
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

H Y M N XXIII.

*Complaining of a hard Heart.*

I.

**O**H! for a glance of heav'nly day  
To take this stubborn stone away!  
And thaw with beams of love divine  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

II.

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;  
Of feeling all things shew *some* sign,  
But this *unfeeling* heart of mine.      To

III.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear LORD, an adamant would melt ;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

IV.

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
(Amazing thought !) which devils fear,  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

V.

But something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need ;  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

VI.

Come then dear JESUS in this hour,  
And let thy Spirit by his pow'r,  
Perfect the work, for it is thine,  
And break and melt this heart of mine.

H Y M N XXIV.

Isaiah lv. 1.

I.

**H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
( 'Tis God invites the fallen race )  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine and milk, and gospel-grace.

Come

II.

Come to the living waters, come,  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call,  
Return, ye weary wand'ers home,  
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

III.

See, from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

IV.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have, and are, behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.

H Y M N XXV.

V E N I C R E A T O R.

I.

**C**OME holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.

II.

Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys!

D

In

III.

In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
In vain we strive to rise !  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

IV.

Dear LORD ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

V.

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove !  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs :  
Come shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N XXVI.

*GOD glorious, and Sinners saved.*

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs ;  
By thousand thro' the skies.

II.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy Skill :  
And on the wings of ev'ry hour  
We read thy patience still.

But



## III.

But when we view thy great design  
 To save rebellious worms ;  
 Where vengeance and compassion join.  
 In their divinest forms :

## IV.

Here the whole DEITY is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.

## V.

Now the full glories of the LAMB  
 Adorn the heav'nly plains,  
 Bright seraphs learn IMMANUEL's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.

## VI.

O, may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song,  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue !

## H Y M N XXVII.

Pfalm lxxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.

## I.

What shall I do, my SAVIOUR to praise,  
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem [grace;  
 The weakest believer, that hangs upon him !

D 2

How

## II.

How happy the man, whose heart is set free,  
 The people that can be joyful in thee!  
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,  
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

## III.

Their daily delight shall be in thy name,  
 They shall, as their right, thy righteousness  
 claim:  
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by  
 thy blood,  
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

H Y M N XXVIII.  
 I N V I T A T I O N.

## I.

**S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word,  
 Hasten to the supper of our LORD,  
 Be wise to know your gracious day,  
 All things are ready, come away!

## II.

Ready the FATHER is to own,  
 And kiss his late-returning son;  
 Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

## III.

Ready the *Spirit* of his love  
 Just now the stony heart to move;  
 T' apply and witness with the blood,  
 And wash and seal you sons of God.

IV.

Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate :  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

V.

Come, then ye sinners to your LORD,  
To happiness in CHRIST restor'd ;  
His profer'd benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel grace.

H Y M N XXIX.

Rev. iv. 11. and v. 11, 12.

I.

COME, let us join our chearful songs,  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

II.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus :  
Worthy the LAMB our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us !

III.

JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

The

IV.

The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the LAMB.

H Y M N XXX.

*Nativity of CHRIST.*

I.

**H**ARK! the herald-angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.

II.

Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumphs of the Skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
"CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem!*"

III.

CHRIST by highest heav'n ador'd,  
CHRIST the everlasting LORD!  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

IV.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
JESUS OUR IMMANUEL here.

Hail

V.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

VI.

Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that men no more may die:  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

H Y M N XXXI.

Phil. iv. 4.

I.

**R**EJOICE; the LORD is King;  
Your LORD and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

II.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,  
The GOD of truth and love;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

His



III.

His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n :  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

IV.

He sits at God's right hand,  
'Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

V.

He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

VI.

Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up,  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear th' *Archangel's* voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice."

HYMN

## H Y M N XXXII.

*The poor Sinner.*

## I.

**G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
 And help me to believe;  
 Simply do I now draw near,  
 Thy blessing to receive.  
 Full of guilt, alas! I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless LAMB,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

## II.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,  
 Nor can thy grace procure;  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, thou know'st, am poor;  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery:  
 Friend of sinners, spotless LAMB,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

## III.

Without money, without price.  
 I come thy love to buy;  
 From myself I turn my eyes,  
 The chief of sinners I.  
 Take, O take me as I am,  
 And let me lose myself in thee;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless LAMB,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Heb. xi. 14, 15, 16.

I.

O Tell me no more,  
Of this world's vain store ;  
The time for such trifles  
With me now is o'er.

II.

A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound ;  
To dwell I'm determin'd  
On that happy ground.

III.

The souls that believe,  
In *Paradise* live,  
And me in that number  
Will JESUS receive.

IV.

My soul don't delay,  
He calls thee away ;  
Rise, follow thy SAVIOUR,  
And blest the glad day.

V.

No mortal doth know,  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort ;  
Go after him, go.

And

## VI.

And when I'm to die,  
 "Receive me," I'll cry,  
 For JESUS hath lov'd me,  
 I cannot say why!

## VII.

And now I'm in care,  
 My neighbours may share  
 These  ~~blessings~~ To seek them  
 Will none of you dare?

## VIII.

In bondage, O why!  
 And death will you lie,  
 When CHRIST here assures you  
 Free grace is so nigh!

## H Y M N XXXIV.

Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

## I.

JESUS my all, to Heav'n is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, 'till him I view.

## II.

The way the holy prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness  
 I'll go, for "All his paths are peace."

No

III.

No stranger may proceed therein,  
No lover of the world and sin,  
No lion, no devouring care,  
No sin, no sorrow shall be there.

IV.

No, *liar* may go up thereon,  
But trav'ling souls, ~~Lead me~~ *make me*  
Way-faring men to *Canaan* bound,  
Shall only in the way be found.

V.

This is the way I long have fought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.

VI.

The more I strove against it's pow'r,  
I finn'd and stumbled but the more,  
'Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

VII.

Lo! glad I come, and thou bless'd LAMB,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then



## VIII.

Then will I tell to sinners round ;  
 What a dear SAVIOUR I have found ;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

## H Y M N XXXV.

*Glory to God in the highest. Luke ii. 14.*

## I.

**G**LORY be to God on high,  
 God whose glory fills the Sky ;  
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,  
 Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

## II.

CHRIST our LORD and GOD we own,  
 CHRIST the FATHER'S only SON,  
 LAMB of GOD for sinners slain,  
 SAVIOUR of offending man.

## III.

Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear, the world's atonement thou,  
 JESU' in thy name we pray,  
 Take, O take, our sins away.

## IV.

Pow'rful advocate with God,  
 Justify us by thy blood ;  
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear the world's atonement thou.

HYMN

## H Y M N XXXVI.

Pfalm xxiii. John x. 11.

## I.

**T**HE LORD my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care,  
 His presence shall my wants supply;  
 And guard me with a watchful eye;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

## II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

## III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

Lamentations i. 22.

## I.

**A**LL ye that pass by,  
 To JESUS draw nigh,  
 To you is it nothing that JESUS should die?  
 Your ransom and peace,  
 Your surety he is;  
 Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

## II.

For what ye have done  
 His blood must atone, [Son:  
 The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear  
 The LORD, in the day  
 Of his anger, did lay [away.  
 Our sins on the LAMB, and he bore them

## III.

For you and for me  
 He pray'd on the tree,  
 The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free;  
 That sinner am I,  
 Who on JESUS rely,  
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

## IV.

My pardon I claim,  
 For a sinner I am,  
 A sinner believing in JESUS's name;  
 He purchas'd the grace,  
 Which now I embrace, [place.  
 O FATHER, thou know'st he hath died in my  
 His

## V.

His death is my plea,  
 My advocate fee, [for me.  
 And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd  
 Acquitted I was,  
 When he bled on the cross :  
 And by losing his life he hath carry'd my  
 cause.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

## E V E N I N G.

## I.

**J**ESUS, the all-atoning LAMB,  
 Lover of lost mankind,  
 Salvation in whose holy name  
 A sinful world can find:

## II.

We ask thy grace to make us clean,  
 We come to thee, our GOD!  
 Open, O LORD, for this day's sin,  
 The fountain of thy blood.

## III.

Hither our spotted souls be brought,  
 And ev'ry idle word,  
 And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,  
 That hath not pleas'd our LORD.

Hither

## IV.

Hither our actions, righteous deem'd,,  
 By man, and counted good,  
 As filthy rags by God esteem'd,  
 'Till sprinkled with thy blood.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

*Farewel to the World.*

## I.

**W**ORLD adieu! thou real cheat,  
 Oft have thy deceitful charms  
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
 Foolish hopes and false alarms:  
 Now I see, as clear as day,  
 How thy follies pass away.

## II.

Vain thy entertaining fights,  
 False thy promises renew'd,  
 All the pomp of thy delights  
 Does but flatter and delude:  
 Thee I quit, for heav'n above,  
 Object of the noblest love.

## III.

Farewel honour's empty pride,  
 Thy own nice, uncertain gust,  
 If the least mischance betide,  
 Lays thee lower than the dust:  
 Worldly honours end in gall,  
 Rise to-day—to-morrow fall.

F

LORD!.



IV.

LORD! how happy is a heart  
After thee while it aspires!  
True and faithful as thou art,  
Thou shalt answer it's desires:  
It shall see the glorious scene  
Of thine everlasting reign.

H Y M N XL.

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

I.

COME ye that love the LORD,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround the throne.

II.

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our comforts less.

III.

Let *those* refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But *children* of the heav'nly King  
Will speak their joys abroad.

The

IV.

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.

V.

The hill of *Zion* yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

VI.

Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry,  
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N XLI.

*Resurrection of CHRIST.*

I.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> the LORD is ris'n to-day!  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raife your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

II.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

## III.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell:  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

## IV.

Lives again our glorious King,  
 Where, O death is now thy sting!  
 Once he died our souls to save!—  
 Where thy victory, O grave!

## V.

Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,  
 Foll'wing our exalted Head,  
 Made like him, like him we rise,  
 Our's the cross, the grave, the Skies.

## VI.

Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n!  
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n!  
 Thee we greet triumphant now,  
 Hail! the *Resurrection*—thou!

## H Y M N XLII.

## A S C E N S I O N.

## I.

**H**AIL! the day! that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!  
 CHRIST awhile to mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native heav'n.

There

There the pompous triumph waits,  
“ Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
“ Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
“ Take the King of Glory in!”

II.

Him, though highest heav'n receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.  
Still for us he intercedes,  
Prevalent his death he pleads;  
Next himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

III.

Ever upward may we move,  
Wafted on the wings of love;  
Looking when our LORD shall come,  
Longing, gasping after home!  
There we shall with thee remain,  
Partners of thine endless reign;  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

H Y M N XLIII.

The Same.

*Lift up your Heads, &c. Psalm xxiv. 7.*

I.

OUR LORD is risen from the dead,  
Our JESUS is gone up on high,  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the Sky.

There

II.

There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly gates,  
“ Ye everlasting doors give way!”

III.

Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th’ etherial scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in!

IV.

Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The LORD that all his foes o’ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,  
And JESUS is the conqu’ror’s name.

V.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly gates,  
“ Ye everlasting doors give way!”

VI.

Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The LORD of glorious pow’r possést,  
The King of faints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest!



H Y M N XLIV.

Pfalm xciv. 1.

I.

**A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the LAMB,  
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
To praise the SAVIOUR's name.

II.

Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.

III.

Sing 'till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues,  
Sing 'till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.

IV:

Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing,  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day  
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

V.

Soon shall ye hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children come;"  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his wand'ers home.

HYMN.

( 48 )

H Y M N XLV.

Pſalm xciii.

I.

**Y**E ſervants of God,  
Your maſter proclaim,  
And publiſh abroad  
His wonderful name :  
The name all-victorious  
Of Jeſus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

II.

Salvation to God,  
Who ſits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honor the Son :  
Our Jeſus's praiſes  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worſhip the LAMB.

III.

Then let us adore  
And give him his right,  
All glory and pow'r,  
And wiſdom, and might ;  
All honor and bleſſing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceaſing,  
And infinite love.

HYMN.

( 49 )

H Y M N XLVI.

*Praise to the CREATOR and REDEEMER.*

I.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,  
Let the CREATOR's praise arise;  
Let the REDEEMER's name be sung,  
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N XLVII.

*Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.*

I.

NOW to the pow'r of GOD supreme,  
Be everlasting honours giv'n;  
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)  
He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.

II.

Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.

III.

Tw'as his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die,  
He gave us grace in CHRIST his SON,  
Before he spread the starry Sky.

G

JESUS.

IV.

JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,  
And makes his FATHER's counsels known,  
Declares the great transaction past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.

H Y M N XLVIII.

*The Blood of JESUS CHRIST cleanseth from all Sin.*

I.

O Come thou wounded LAMB of GOD!  
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood.  
Give us to know thy love, then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

II.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee:  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

III.

How can it be thou heav'nly King  
That thou should'st man to glory bring!  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

IV.

Ah, LORD! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First.



First-born of many brethren thou,  
 To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;  
 Help us to thee our all to give,  
 Thine may we die, thine may we live!

## H Y M N XLIX.

*The Second Advent. Rev. i. 7,*

## I.

**L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !  
 Thousand thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

## II.

Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at nought and sold him,  
 Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true MESSIAH see.

## III.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;  
 All who hate him, must confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
 Come to judgment !  
 Come to judgment ! come away !

Now



## IV.

Now redemption long expected,  
 See! In solemn pomp appear!  
 All his faints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air;  
 Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear!

## V.

Answer thine own bride and spirit,  
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!  
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
 Take thy pining exiles home:  
 All creation  
 Travels! groans! and bids thee come.

## VI.

Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne!  
 SAVIOUR, take the pow'r and glory;  
 Claim the kingdom for thy own:  
 O come quickly!  
 Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

## H Y M N L.

*The Same.* Rev. xi. 15,

## I.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!  
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful soul.  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome to the faithful soul. From

II.

From heav'n, angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty JESUS crown'd ;  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the SAVIOUR's face !  
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the  
SAVIOUR's face !

III.

Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant LORD :  
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail  
him, their triumphant LORD.

IV.

Shout all the people of the Sky,  
And all the saints of the MOST HIGH :  
Our GOD, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.  
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, and for ever  
reigns.

V.

The FATHER praise, the SON adore,  
The SPIRIT blest for evermore ;  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome thee GREAT THREE IN ONE.  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-  
come thee GREAT THREE IN ONE.

HYMN.

( 54 )

H Y M N LI.

*Hymn to the TRINITY.*

I.

**P**Raise be to the FATHER given,  
CHRIST he gave  
Us to save,  
Now the heirs of heaven.

II.

Pay we equal adoration,  
To the SON ;  
He alone  
Wrought out our salvation.

III.

Glory to th' eternal SPIRIT,  
Us he seals,  
CHRIST reveals,  
And applies his merit.

IV.

Worship, honor, thanks and blessing,  
ONE in THREE,  
Give we thee,  
Never, never ceasing!

H Y M N LII.

*Relief for despairing Sinners. Zech. xiii. 1.*

I.

**H**OW sad our state by nature is,  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.

But

*90 Hymn 2 Book P. Watts*

II.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from God's sacred word ;  
Ho ! ye despairing sinners come  
And trust upon the LORD.

III.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
And run to this relief !  
We would believe thy promise LORD,  
O help our unbelief !

IV.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Teach us, O LORD, to fly :  
There may we wash our spotted souls,  
From crimes of deepest dye !

V.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
Our reigning sins subdue ;  
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,  
With his infernal crew.

VI.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,  
Into thine hands we fall ;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness,  
Our JESUS, and our all !

H Y M N LIII.  
M O R N I N G.

I.

**R**ISE, my soul! adore thy Maker:  
Angels praise;  
Join *thy* lays,  
With them be partaker.

II.

Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry spirit,  
In thy light  
Lead me right,  
Through my SAVIOUR's merit.

III.

Thou this night wast my protector,  
With me stay,  
All the day,  
Ever my director.

IV.

Holy, holy, holy giver;  
Of all good,  
Life and food,  
Reign ador'd for ever!

V.

Glory, honor, thanks and blessing,  
ONE in THREE,  
Give we thee,  
Never, never ceasing!

HYMN



( 57 )

H Y M N LIV.

E V E N I N G.

I.

**E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry favor  
This day shew'd  
By my GOD,  
I will blefs my SAVIOUR.

II.

O my LORD, what shall I render  
To thy name,  
Still the same,  
Gracious, good, and tender !

III.

Leave me not, but ever love me ;  
Let thy peace,  
Be my blifs,  
Till thou hence remove me.

IV.

Visit me with thy salvation :  
Let thy care,  
Now be near,  
Round my habitation.

V.

Thou my rock, my guard, my tow'r,  
Safely keep  
While I sleep,  
Me with all thy pow'r.

H

So

VI.

So whene'er in death I flumber,  
Let me rise  
With the wise,  
Counted in their number !

H Y M N LV.

*The Same.*

**N**O farther go to-night, but stay  
Dear SAVIOUR till the break of day:  
Turn in, dear LORD, with me;  
And in the morning when I wake,  
Me in thine arms, my JESUS take,  
And I'll go on with thee.

H Y M N LVI.

*For the LORD's Day.*

I.

**T**HE LORD of Sabbath let us praise,  
In concert with the blest,  
Who joyful in harmonious lays,  
Employ an endless rest.

II.

Thus, LORD, while we remember thee,  
We blest and happy grow:  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.

III.

On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd  
By God, th' eternal *Word*, than when  
This universe was made.

IV.

He rises, who mankind hath bought  
With grief and pain extreme ;  
'Twas great to speak the word from nought—  
'Twas greater to redeem !

H Y M N LVII.

*Life and Eternity.*

I.

THEE we adore, eternal name ;  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be !

II.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase !  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.

III.

The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave !

IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb,  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home!

V.

Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.

VI.

Infinite joy, and endless woe,  
Attend on ev'ry breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!

VII.

Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road:  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God!

H Y M N LVIII.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification,  
and Redemption. 1 Cor. i. 30.

I.

**B**URY'D in shadows of the night,  
We lie, 'till CHRIST restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind  
And chase the darkness of the mind.      Lost

II.

Lost guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
'Till the atoning blood appears ;  
Then they awake from deep distress,  
And sing *the LORD our Righteousness*.

III.

JESUS beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains :  
He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.

IV.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;  
Thou art our mighty ALL ; may we  
Give our whole selves, O LORD, to thee !

H Y M N LIX.

*Offices of CHRIST.*

I.

**J**JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore :  
All are too mean  
To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set  
OUR SAVIOUR forth.

But



II.

But O what gentle terms ;  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our REDEEMER use  
To teach his heav'nly grace !  
My soul, with joy  
And wonder see,  
What forms of love  
He bears for thee.

III.

Great PROPHET of our God,  
Our tongues would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came :  
The joyful news  
Of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd,  
And peace with heav'n.

IV.

JESUS, our great HIGH-PRIEST,  
Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;  
Thou guilty sinner seek  
No sacrifice beside :  
His pow'rful blood  
Did once atone,  
And now it pleads  
Before the throne.

Thou

## V.

Thou dear Almighty LORD,  
 Our CONQU'ROUR and our KING,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace we sing,  
 Thine is the pow'r ;  
 O may we sit,  
 In willing bonds,  
 Beneath thy feet !

## H Y M N LX.

*The Same.*

I.  
**A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,  
 Lo the GREAT ANGEL stands  
 And holds the promises,  
 And pardons in his hands :  
 Commission'd from  
 His FATHER's throne,  
 To make his grace  
 To mortals known.

*human*

II.  
 Be thou our Counsellor,  
 Our Pattern and our Guide !  
 And through this desert land  
 Still keep us near thy side !  
 O let our feet  
 Ne'er run astray,  
 Nor rove, nor seek  
 The crooked way !

We'd

III.

We'd hear our SHEPHERD's voice;  
Whose watchful eye doth keep  
Poor wand'ring souls among  
The thousands of his sheep ;  
He feeds his flock,  
He calls their names,  
His bosom bears  
The tender lambs.

IV.

To this dear SURETY's hands,  
My soul, commend thy cause,  
He answers and fulfils  
His FATHER's broken laws.  
Believing souls  
Now free are set ;  
For CHRIST hath paid  
Their dreadful debt.

V.

Then let our souls arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
Our CAPTAIN leads us forth  
To conquest and a crown ;  
March on ! nor fear  
To win the day,  
Tho' death and hell  
Obstruct the way.

HYMN

## H Y M N LXI.

*Grace the Believer's Song.*

COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing!  
 Tune mine heart to sing thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise;  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the Mount—I'm fix'd upon it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

## II.

Here I raise my *Eben-Ezer*,  
 Hither by thine help I'm come;  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home:  
 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

## III.

Oh! to grace, how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that grace, now like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:  
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's mine heart—O take, and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

H Y M N LXII.

CHRIST the Strength of the weak. Isa. xl. 29.

I.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my ev'ry want,  
Tree of life thy influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed!

II.

Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,  
Wither without thee, and die:  
Weak as helpless infancy—  
O confirm my soul in thee!

III.

Unsustain'd by thee I fall,  
Send the strength for which I call!  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I ev'ry moment need:

IV.

All my hopes on thee depend,  
Love me, save me to the end!  
Give me the continuing grace—  
Take the everlasting praise.

H Y M N LXIII.

Heaven on Earth. 2 Kings, x. 15.

I.

COME let us ascend,  
My companion and friend,  
To a taste of the banquet above:

If



If thine heart be as mine,  
If for JESUS it pine,  
Come up into the chariot of love.

II.

Who in JESUS confide,  
They are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath:  
With the prophet they soar  
To that heavenly shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.

III.

By faith we are come  
To our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve:  
By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies——  
For the heaven of heaven's is love!

IV.

Who on earth can conceive,  
How happy we live,  
In the city of God the great King!  
What a concert of praise,  
When our JESUS's grace,  
The whole heav'nly company sing.

V.

What a rapturous song  
When the glorify'd throng  
In the spirit of harmony join!

Join

Join all the glad choirs,  
Hearts, voices and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine.

VI.

Hallelujah they cry,  
To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting *I AM*,  
To the LAMB that was slain,  
And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to GOD and the LAMB.

H Y M N LXIV.

*Praise to the REDEEMER.*

I.

**P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one chearful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

II.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
He came to our relief.

III.

Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh!

+  
human

IV.

Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break ;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The SAVIOUR's praises speak.

V.

Angels assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N LXV.

Pfalm C.

I.

**B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,  
Know that the LORD is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.

II.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

III.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And

And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

## IV.

Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## H Y M N LXVI.

PSALM cl.

## I.

**P**RAISE the LORD, who reigns above,  
And keeps his court below,  
Praise the holy GOD of love,  
And all his greatness shew :  
Praise him for his noble deeds,  
Praise him for his matchless pow'r,  
Him from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heav'n adore.

## II.

Publilh, spread to all around,  
The great IMMANUEL's name,  
Let the trumpet's martial found,  
Him LORD of Hosts proclaim :  
Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,  
All the reach of heav'nly art,  
All the pow'rs of music bring,  
The music of the heart.

Him

## III.

Him, in whom they move, and live,  
 Let every creature sing,  
 Glory to their Maker give,  
 And homage to their King:  
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,  
 As in heaven on earth ador'd,  
 Praise the LORD in every breath;  
 Let all things praise the LORD!

## H Y M N LXVII.

CHRIST'S *Commission.*

## I.

**R**AISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune;  
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds,  
 Celestial grace hath done.

## II.

Sing how eternal love  
 Its chief Beloved chose,  
 And bid him raise our wretched race  
 From their abyfs of woes.

## III.

His hand no thunder bears,  
 No terror cloaths his brow;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
 To fiercer flames below

'Twas



( 72 )

IV.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When CHRIST was sent with pardons down,  
To rebels doom'd to die,

V.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopelefs sorrows cease,  
Bow to the scepter of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.

VI.

May we obey the call,  
And lay an humble claim  
To the salvation he hath brought,  
And love and praise his name !

## H Y M N LXVIII.

*For New Year's Day.*

Luke xiii. 6—11.

I.

THE LORD of earth and sky,  
The GOD of ages praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days ;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.

Barren

## II.

Barren and wither'd trees,  
 We cumber'd long the ground,  
 No fruit of holiness  
 On our dead souls was found !  
 Yet did he us in mercy spare,  
 Another and another year.

## III.

When justice bar'd the sword  
 To cut the fig-tree down,  
 The pity of our LORD  
 Cry'd, " Let it still alone,"  
 The FATHER mild inclin'd his ear,  
 And spar'd us yet another year.

## IV.

JESUS, thy speaking blood  
 From God obtain'd the grace,  
 Who therefore hath bestow'd  
 On us a longer space :  
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
 And lo, we see another year !

## V.

Then dig about the root,  
 Break up our fallow ground,  
 And let our gracious fruit  
 To thy great praise abound :  
 O let us all thy praise declare,  
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

ANOTHER.

H Y M N LXIX.

I.

COME let us anew  
Our Journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still, 'till the *Master* appear:  
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

II.

Our life is a dream,  
Our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone,  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

III.

O that each in the day  
Of his coming may say,  
“ I have fought my way thro',  
“ I have finish'd the work thou didst give me  
to do.”

O that

O that each from his LORD  
May receive the glad word,  
“ Well and faithfully done,  
“ Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne.”

H Y M N LXX.

*The glorious Prospect.* Isaiah xxxv. 10.

I.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
As ye journey sweetly sing :  
Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways !

II.

Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

III.

O, ye banish'd seed, be glad !  
CHRIST our advocate is made ;  
Us, to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

IV:

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You on JESU's throne shall rest !  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward.



## V.

Fear not brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land!  
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

## VI.

LORD, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee!

## H Y M N LXXI.

JESUS *the Joy of Earth and Heaven.*  
Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11.

## I.

**L**ET earth and heav'n agree,  
Angels and men be join'd  
To celebrate with me  
The SAVIOUR of mankind:  
T' adore the all-atoning LAMB,  
And blest the fount of JESU'S name..

## II.

JESUS! transporting fount;  
The joy of earth and heav'n,  
No other help is found,  
No other name is giv'n,  
By which we can salvation have—  
But JESUS came the world to save.

JESUS!



III.

JESUS! harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts above!  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love!  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heav'n to see, our JESU's face.

IV.

His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy!

H Y M N LXXII.

*The Pilgrim's Hymn. A Dialogue.*

I.

**T**ELL us, O women, we wou'd know  
Whither so fast ye move?  
*We, call'd to leave the world below,  
Are seeking one above.*

II.

Whence came ye, say, and what the place  
That ye are trav'ling from!  
*From Tribulation, we, thro' grace,  
Are now returning home.*

Is-

## III.

Is not your native country here?  
 Like you not this abode!  
*We seek a better country far,  
 A city built by GOD.*

## IV.

Thither we travel, nor intend  
 Short of that blifs to rest:  
*Nor we, 'till in the sinner's friend  
 Our weary souls are blest'd.*

## V.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,  
 SAVIOUR, we ask no more;  
*Hail LAMB of GOD, for sinners slain,  
 Whom heaven and earth adore!*

## H Y M N LXXIII.

*The matchless Grace of CHRIST. Ephes. ii. 13.*

## I.

**O**F him who did salvation bring,  
 LORD, may we ever think and sing!  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

## II.

Eternal LORD, Almighty King,  
 All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!  
 Thou conqu'rest all beneath, above,  
 Devils with force, and men with love!

To

III.

To purge our sins, CHRIST shed his blood,  
He died to bring us near to God :  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love could show.

H Y M N LXXIV.

*Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice. Heb. x. 4, 10.*

I.

NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

II.

But CHRIST the heav'nly LAMB,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they !

III.

My faith wou'd lay its hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand  
And there confess my sin.

IV.

My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing

Believing we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the LAMB with chearful voice  
And sing his bleeding love.

## H Y M N LXXV.

To JESUS CHRIST.

I.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,  
Thou only holy, only just,  
Oh! tune our souls to praise thy name,  
JESUS! Unchangeable, the same:

II.

If angels, whilst to Thee they sing,  
Wrap up their faces in their wing,  
How shall we sinful dust draw nigh  
The great, the awful DEITY!

III.

Glory to Thee, auspicious LAMB;  
Thou holy LORD, Thou great I AM:  
With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,  
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

IV.

Live, ever glorious JESUS! live,  
Worthy all blessings to receive!  
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit  
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

HYMN

H Y M N LXXVI.

*Unfruitfulness.*

I.

**L**ONG have we sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, LORD,  
But still how weak our faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word!

II.

Oft we frequent thine holy place,  
Yet hear almost in vain:  
How small a portion of thy grace  
Do our false hearts retain!

III.

Our gracious SAVIOUR and our GOD  
How little art thou known,  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne!

IV.

How cold and feeble is our love,  
How negligent our fear!  
How low our hope of joys above,  
How few affections there!

V.

Great GOD, thy sov'reign aid impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation on each heart,  
And make us learn thy grace.

L

Shew



VI.

Shew our forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high;  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

H Y M N LXXVII.

*Morning or Evening.*

I.

O God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distil like early dew.

II.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee we consecrate our days!  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise!

H Y M N LXXVIII.

*On the LORD's Day.*

I.

THIS is the day the LORD hath made:  
He calls the hours his own:  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne. To-

II.

To-day CHRIST rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's Empire fell:  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

III.

Hosannah to the anointed King,  
To *David's* holy Son!  
Help us, O LORD, descend, and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

IV.

Hosannah, in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise.

H Y M N LXXIX.

*A Blessed Gospel.*

I.

**B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful sound,  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

II.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Thro' their REDEEMER's name:  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The LORD our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives :  
*Israel*, thy KING for ever reigns,  
Thy GOD for ever lives.

H Y M N LXXX.

*Adoring* CHRIST.

I.

**B**RETHREN, let us join to bless  
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace,  
Let our praise to him be giv'n,  
High at GOD's right-hand in heav'n !

II.

*Master*, see ! to thee we bow,  
Thou art LORD, and only thou ;  
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy church, and head.

III.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King ;  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.

IV.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought for all thy church ! and we  
Worship in their company.

We

V.

We, thy little flock adore  
Thee, the LORD for evermore!  
Ever with us, shew thy love,  
'Till we join with those above!

H Y M N LXXXI.

*Salvation.*

I.

**S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears!  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

II.

SALVATION! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around—  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound!

H Y M N LXXXII.

*CHRIST our great Melchisedec.*

I.

**T**HOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB!  
We love to hear of Thee;  
No music like thy charming name,  
E'en half so sweet can be!  
O may we ever hear thy voice,  
In mercy to us speak!  
And in our priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great *Melchisedec.*

Our



## II.

Our JESUS shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay,  
 We'll sing our JESU's lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.  
 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all his favor'd throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And CHRIST shall be our song.

## H Y M N LXXXIII.

*Delivered for our Offences—Raised again for our  
 Justification. Rom. iv. 25.*

**H**E dies! the *Friend* of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load!  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood!

## II.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The **LORD** of glory dies for men!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
 JESUS the dead revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!



## III.

Break off your tears, ye faints ! and tell  
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster death in chains !  
 Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !  
 " Born to redeem ! and strong to save ;"  
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?  
 " And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

## H Y M N LXXXIV.

*Thanksgiving.*

## I.

**M**Y soul repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great ;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.

## II.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd,  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of his grace,  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

## III.

The pity of the LORD,  
 To those that fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel :  
 He knows our feeble frame.

Our

IV.

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flow'r;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

V.

But thy compassions, LORD,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

H Y M N LXXXV.

*Salvation the sole Work of God.*

I.

**T**O God the only wise,  
Our SAVIOUR and our King,  
Let all the faints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

II.

'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

III.

He will present his faints  
Unblemish'd and compleat  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

Then

IV.

Then all the chosen feed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

V.

To our redeeming God,  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs!

H Y M N LXXXVI.

*Public Worship.*

I.

**L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow,  
Oh! do not our suit disdain,  
Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?

II.

LORD, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend:  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

III.

In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee—here we stay,  
LORD, we know not how to go,  
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

M

Send

IV.

Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

V.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope !

IV.

Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a faithful God and kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

*It is finished!* John xix. 30.

I.

“ ’TIS FINISH’D,” the REDEEMER said,  
And meekly bow’d his dying head ;  
Whilst we this sentence scan,  
Come, sinners, and observe the word,  
Behold the conquests of our LORD,  
Complete for helpless man.

Finish’d

## II.

Finish'd the righteousness of grace,  
 Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace,  
 Their mighty debt is paid :  
 Accusing law, cancel'd by blood,  
 And wrath of an offended God  
 In sweet oblivion laid.

## III.

Who now shall urge a second claim?  
 The law no longer can condemn,  
 Faith a release can shew :  
 Justice itself a friend appears,  
 The prison-house a whisper hears,  
 " Loose him and let him go."

## IV.

O unbelief, injurious bar !  
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,  
 Why dost thou yet reply ?  
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,  
 " 'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,  
 And silence ev'ry cry.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

*God's Goodness to his People. Psalm xxiii.*

## I.

**T**HE LORD supplies his people's need,  
 JEHOVAH is his name ;  
 In pastures fresh he makes them feed  
 Beside the living stream.

He



IV.

Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

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**T**HE LORD supplies his people's need,  
 JEHOVAH is his name ;  
 In pastures fresh he makes them feed  
 Beside the living stream. He

II.

He brings their wand'ring spirits back,  
When they forsake his ways;  
And leads them, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

III.

When they walk thro' the shades of death,  
His presence is their stay:  
A word of his supporting breath,  
Drives all their fears away.

IV.

His hand in sight of all their foes  
Doth still their table spread,  
Their cup with blessings overflows,  
His oil anoints their head.

V.

The sure provisions of our God,  
Attend us all our days:  
O may his house be our abode,  
And all our work his praise!

H Y M N LXXXIX.

*As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so our  
Consolation also aboundeth by CHRIST.*

2 Cor. i. 5.

I.

COME on my part'ners in distress,  
My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your burdens feel!

A-while

A-while forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond the vale of tears  
To yon celestial hill.

II.

See where the LAMB in glory stands,  
Incircled with his radiant bands.

And join th' angelic pow'rs:  
For all that height of glorious blifs,  
Our everlasting portion is,  
And all that heav'n is ours.

III.

Who suffer for our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And those that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

IV.

Thrice blessed blifs—inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up!  
It brings to life the dead!  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

V.

That great mysterious DEITY  
We soon with open face shall see—  
The beatific sight,                      Shall

Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light!

H Y M N XC.

F U N E R A L H Y M N,

*On the Death of a Believer.*

I.

A H lovely appearance of death,  
No fight upon earth is so fair:  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare:  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse when the spirit is fled:  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.

II.

How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind!  
How easy the soul, that hath left  
This wearisome body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see:  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.

III.

This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain:  
The



The war in the members is o'er  
 And never shall vex him again :  
 No anger henceforward, or shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent clay,  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanish'd away.

## IV.

This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
 This quiet immoveable breast  
 Is heav'd by affliction no more ;  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain :  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.

## V.

The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
 The fountains can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free ;  
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.

## VI.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a prison I breathe,  
 And still for deliverance pine,  
 And press to the issues of death.

What

What now with my tears I bedew,  
 O might I this moment become,  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

## H Y M N XCI.

## A N O T H E R.

## I.

**H**OSANNA to JESUS on high!  
 Another is enter'd his rest,  
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,  
 And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's breast;  
 The soul of our brother is gone  
 To heighten the triumph above,  
 Exalted to JESUS's throne,  
 Exalted by JESUS's love!

## II.

How happy the angels that fall  
 Transported at JESUS's name,  
 The faints whom he soonest shall call  
 To share in the feast of the LAMB!  
 No longer imprison'd in clay,  
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?  
 Who first shall be summon'd away?  
 My mercful God——Is it I?

## III.

O JESUS! if this be thy will,  
 That suddenly I should depart,      Thy

Thy counsel of mercy reveal,  
 And whisper the call to my heart :  
 O give me a signal to know,  
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,  
 And leave the dull body below,  
 And fly to the regions of love.

## H Y M N XCII.

*Another.*

## I.

**A**ND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint or die,  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high :  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest,  
 That only bliss for which it pants.  
 In the REDEEMER's breast.

## II.

In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain,  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain :  
 I suffer on my threescore years  
 Till my Deliv'rer come,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears  
 And take his exile home.

N

O what

## III.

O what hath JESUS bought for me,  
 Before my ravish'd eyes,  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of Paradise !  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there,  
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

## IV.

O what are all my suff'rings here,  
 If, LORD, thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet !  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life and friends away !  
 But let me find them all again,  
 In that eternal day !

## H Y M N XCIII.

*For one under Temptation.*

## I.

JESU, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high !  
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past :  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.

Other

## II.

Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me !  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All mine help from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

## III.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,  
 More than all in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness !  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

## IV.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin :  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within :  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee,  
 Spring thou up within mine heart,  
 Rise to all eternity !



H Y M N XCIV.

*The LAMB exalted. Heb. xii. 2.*

I.

**H**OW glorious the LAMB  
Is seen on his throne!

His labors are o'er,

His conquests put on:

A kingdom is given

Into the LAMB's hand,

In earth and in heaven,

For ever to stand.

II.

Ye sinners below

Then trust in the LORD,

Look up to his arm,

His honor, his word:

Athirst for his favor,

His Godhead adore,

Look up to your SAVIOUR,

And joy evermore!

H Y M N XCV.

*Redeeming Love.*

I.

**N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in JESU's name,

Ye, who JESU's kindness prove,

Triumph in *Redeeming Love*.

Ye

II.

Ye, who see the FATHER's grace  
Beaming in the SAVIOUR's face,  
As to *Canaan* on ye move,  
Praise and bless *Redeeming Love*.

III.

Mourning souls dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love*.

IV.

Ye, alas ! who long have been,  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop—and taste *Redeeming Love*.

V.

Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome, to his sacred rest,  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but *Redeeming Love*.

VI.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
His tremendous foes and ours :  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in *Redeeming Love*.

VII.

Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string,  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise *Redeeming Love*.

HYMN

H Y M N XCVI.

*A suffering MESSIAH the Stumbling-block of the  
Jews. Isaiah liii.*

I.

WHO hath our report believed !  
*Shiloh* come is not received,  
Not received by his own :  
Promis'd *Branch* from root of *Jesse*,  
*David's* offspring sent to bless you,  
Comes too meekly to be known.

II.

Tell me, O thou favor'd nation,  
What is thy fond expectation ?  
Some fair, spreading lofty tree ?  
Let not worldly pride confound thee,  
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,  
Mark the *Lowest*—that is *He*.

III.

Like a tender plant that's growing  
Where no waters, friendly flowing,  
No kind rains refresh the ground :  
Drooping, dying, we shall view him,  
See no charms to draw us to him,  
And no beauty will be found.

IV.

Lo ! MESSIAH unrespected !  
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected !  
Wounds his form disfiguring ;  
Marr'd his visage more than any,  
For he bears the sins of many,  
All our sorrows carrying.

No

V.

No deceit his mouth had spoken,  
Blameless he no law had broken,  
Yet was number'd with the worst :  
For, because the LORD would grieve him,  
We, who saw it, did believe him,  
For his own offences curst.

VI.

But while him our thoughts accused,  
He for us alone was bruised,  
Stricken, smitten for our guilt ;  
With his stripes, our wounds are cured,  
By his pains, our peace assured,  
Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.

VII.

Love amazing ! so to mind us !  
CHRIST our SHEPHERD came to find us,  
Helpless sheep all gone astray ;  
Lost, undone by our transgressions !  
Worse than stript of all possessions,  
Debtors without hope to pay !

VIII.

Foes in practice, slaves in spirit——  
He redeem'd us by his merit  
To a glorious liberty :  
Dearly first his goodness bought us,  
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,  
Truth and love have made us free.

Blessed

IX.

Blessed be the pow'r that gave us,  
Freely gave his SON to save us,  
Bless'd the SON who freely came:  
Honor, blessing, adoration,  
Ever, from the whole creation,  
Be to GOD and to the LAMB.

H Y M N XCVII.

*Glorying in the Cross. Gal. vi. 14.*

I.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,  
On which the *Prince of Glory* dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

II.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of CHRIST, my GOD:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I'd sacrifice them for his blood.

H Y M N XCVIII.

*Thy Word is Truth. John xvii. 17.*

I.

MY hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,  
And shield, art thou, O LORD;  
I firmly anchor all my hopes  
On thine unerring word.

Engrav'd



II.

Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines,  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze,  
Those everlasting lines.

III.

The sacred word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies.  
The voice which rolls the stars along,  
Spake all the promises.

IV.

My hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,  
And shield art thou, O LORD ;  
I firmly anchor all my hopes  
On thine unerring word.

H Y M N XCIX.

*The Christian's Triumph in the Righteousness of  
the LORD JESUS CHRIST.*

I.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

II.

When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then, shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

O

Bold

III.

Bold shall I stand at that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

IV.

Thus *Abraham*, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
SAVIOUR of sinners, Thee proclaim:  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

V.

This spotless Robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;  
No age can change it's glorious hue,  
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

VI.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress.  
JESUS, the *Lord our Righteousness*.

H Y M N C.

*The glorious Prospect.*

I.

IN this world of sin and sorrow,  
Compass'd round with many a care,  
From eternity we borrow  
Hope, that can exclude despair:

Thee,

Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR;  
In the glass of faith we see ;  
O assist each faint endeavor !  
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

II.

Place that awful scene before us  
Of the last tremendous day,  
When to life thou shalt restore us,—  
Ling'ring ages, haste away !  
Then this vile and sinful nature  
Incorruption shall put on :  
Life-renewing, glorious SAVIOUR !  
Let thy gracious will be done.

H Y M N C I.

*The Believer's Privilege.*

I.

O LORD how great's the favor !  
That we such sinners poor.  
Can thro' thy blood's sweet favor  
Approach thy mercy's door !  
And find an open passage  
Unto the throne of grace,  
There wait the welcome message  
That bids us go in peace !

II.

LORD, we are helpless creatures,  
Full of the deepest need,  
Throughout defil'd by nature,  
Stupid, and inly dead ;

Our

Our strength is perfect weakness,  
And all we have is sin;  
Our hearts are all uncleanness,  
A den of thieves within.

III.

In this forlorn condition,  
Who shall afford us aid?  
Where shall I find compassion,  
But in the church's Head?  
JESUS, thou art all pity,  
O take us in thine arms,  
And exercise thy mercy,  
To save us from all harms.

IV.

We'll never cease repeating  
Our numberless complaints,  
But ever be intreating  
The glorious KING of saints;  
Till we attain the image  
Of him we inly love,  
And pay our grateful homage,  
With all the saints above.

V.

Then we, with all in glory,  
Shall thankfully relate  
Th' amazing pleasing story,  
Of JESU'S love so great :

In this blest contemplation  
We shall for ever dwell,  
And prove such consolation,  
As none below can tell.

H Y M N CII.

*Having loved his own, which were in the World,  
he loved them unto the end. John xiii. 1.*

I.

**T**HIS GOD is the GOD we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable friend;  
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,  
And neither knows measure nor end.

II.

'Tis JESUS the *First* and the *Last*,  
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CIII.

*The Believer's earnest Expectation and Hope.*

Phil. i. 20.

I.

**H**E is a GOD of sov'reign love,  
Who promis'd heav'n to me,  
And taught my mind to soar above  
Where happy spirits be.

Prepare



( 110 )

II.

Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day !  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

III.

Then, my beloved, take my soul  
Up to thy blest abode,  
That, face to face, I may behold,  
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

H Y M N CIV.

*The LORD hath laid on him the Iniquity of us all.*  
Isaiah viii. 6.

I.

**A**RISE my soul ; with wonder see,  
What love divine for thee hath done !  
Behold thy sorrow, sin, and grief,  
Are laid on God's eternal SON.

II.

See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down,  
Did e'er such love, or sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

III.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, and all.

HYMN

( III )

H Y M N CV.

*The Majesty and Condescension of God.*

Psalm cxiii.

I.

**Y**E faints and servants of the LORD,  
The triumphs of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless :  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great name address :

II.

God thro' the world extends his sway,  
The regions of eternal day,  
But shadows of his glory are :  
With him, whose majesty excels,  
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,  
Let no created power compare.

III.

Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view  
In highest heav'n what angels do,  
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;  
He takes the needy from his cell,  
Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
Companion of the greatest there.

IV.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host  
And suff'ring faints on earth adore,

Be

Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When earth and heav'n shall be no more.

H Y M N C VI.

*Thanks for the Gospel.*

I.

O JESU, our LORD,  
Thy name be ador'd,  
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy  
word.

II.

In spirit we trace  
Thy wonders of grace ;  
And chearfully join in a concert of praise.

III.

The *Antient of Days*  
His glory displays,  
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

IV.

The trumpet of God  
Is sounding abroad  
The language of mercy, salvation thro'  
blood.

V.

Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey ;  
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.  
The

( 113 )

VI.

The people who know,  
The SAVIOUR, below,  
With burning affection to worship him glow.

VII.

Their anguish and smart  
And sorrows depart,  
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their heart.

VIII.

This blessing be mine  
Thro' favor divine:  
But O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

IX.

The work is of grace;  
Thine, thine be the praise!  
And mine to adore thee and tell of thy ways.

## H Y M N CVII.

*Not ashamed of the Gospel.* 2 Tim. i. 12.

I.

I'M not ashamed to own my LORD,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

II.

JESUS, my GOD! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

P

Firm

III.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
'Till the decisive hour.

IV.

Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

H Y M N CVIII.

*Saints in the Hands of CHRIST.* JOHN x. 28, 29.

I.

**F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My LORD, my hope, my trust:  
If I am found in JESU's hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

II.

His honor is engag'd to save  
The meanest of his sheep;  
All that his heav'nly Father gave  
His hands securely keep.

III.

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
His fav'rites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

HYMN



H Y M N CIX.

*Children devoted to GOD. Genesis xvii. 7, 10.*

*Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.*

*(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)*

I.

**T**HUS faith the mercy of the LORD,  
I'll be a GOD to thee;  
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they  
Shall be a seed for me.

II.

Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,  
And gave his sons to GOD;  
But water seals the blessings now,  
That once were seal'd with blood.

III.

Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,  
When she receiv'd the word;  
Thus the believing Jailor gave  
His household to the LORD.

IV.

Thus later faints, Eternal King,  
Thine antient truth embrace;  
To thee their infant-offspring bring,  
And humbly claim the grace.

H Y M N CX.

*An Evening Song.*

I.

**D**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song,  
Like holy incense rise;  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

II.

Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still my guard,  
And still to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

III.

Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around,  
But O how few returns of love,  
Hath my CREATOR found!

IV.

What have I done for him who dy'd,  
To save my wretched soul?  
How are my follies multiply'd,  
Fast as my minutes roll!

V.

LORD, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.

Spring-

## VI.

Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
 I lay me down to rest,  
 As in th' embraces of my God,  
 Or on my SAVIOUR's breast.

## H Y M N CXI.

*Godly Sorrow, arising from the Sufferings of*  
 CHRIST.

## I.

**A** LAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed!  
 And did my Sov'reign die!  
 Would he devote that sacred head,  
 For such a worm as I?

## II.

Was it for crimes that I had done,  
 He groan'd upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

## III.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd,  
 For man the creature's sin.

## IV.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But

## V.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay,  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here LORD, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N CXII.

*The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.*

## I.

**B**EGIN my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
 And speak some boundless thing,  
 The mighty works, or mightier name,  
 Of our Eternal King.

## II.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
 And sound his pow'r abroad,  
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
 And the performing God.

## III.

Proclaim "Salvation from the LORD,  
 For wretched dying men,"  
 His hand hath writ the sacred word,  
 With an immortal pen.

## IV.

His very word of grace is strong,  
 As that which built the skies;  
 The voice that rolls the stars along,  
 Spake all the promises.

He

V.

He said, " Let the wide heav'n be spread,  
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;  
" *Abrah'm*, I'll be thy God," he said,  
And he was *Abrah'm's* God.

VI.

Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, *Thou art mine!*  
Those gentle words should raise my song,  
To notes almost divine.

VII.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heav'n secure !  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

H Y M N CXIII.

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

I.

**M**Y GOD! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !

II.

In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun !  
He is my soul's bright Morning-Star,  
And he, my Rising Sun.                      The



III.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,  
With beams of sacred blifs,  
While JESUS shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers, *I am his.*

IV.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
T' embrace my dearest LORD.

V.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

H Y M N CXIV.

*The Christian Warfare.*

I.

**S**TAND up my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel-armour on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy victorious Captain's gone.

II.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
Thy JESUS nail'd 'em to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.

Then

## III.

Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate,  
 There peace and joy eternal reign,  
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

## IV.

There may I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in Almighty grace,  
 While all the armies of the skies,  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise !

## H Y M N CXV.

*CHRIST's, Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

## I.

**I** Sing my SAVIOUR's wond'rous death,  
 He conquer'd when he fell ;  
 'Tis *finish'd*, said his dying breath,  
 And shook the gates of hell.

## II.

'Tis *finish'd*, our EMMANUEL cries,  
 The dreadful work is done ;  
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
 His kingdom is begun.

## III.

His cross a sure foundation laid  
 For glory and renown,  
 When through the regions of the dead  
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

Q

Exalted

IV.

Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious LORD ;  
To heav'n and hell his hands divide,  
The vengeance or reward.

V.

The faints from his propitious eye,  
Await their several crowns,  
And all the sons of darkness fly,  
The terror of his frowns.

H Y M N CXVI.

*The Example of CHRIST.*

I.

**M**Y dear REDEEMER, and my LORD !  
I read my duty in thy word :  
But in thy life, the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

II.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,  
Among the foll'wers of the LAMB.

HYMN

H Y M N CXVII.

CIRCUMCISION and BAPTISM.

*(Written only for those who practise the Baptism  
of Infants.)*

I.

**T**HUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass  
Under the bloody seal of grace ;  
The young disciples bore the yoke,  
'Till CHRIST the painful bondage broke.

II.

By milder ways doth JESUS prove,  
His FATHER'S cov'nant and his love ;  
He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
And not forbids their infant-race.

III.

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood ;  
Their children set apart for God ;  
His SPIRIT on their offspring shed,  
Like water pour'd upon the head.

IV.

Let ev'ry saint with chearful voice  
In this large covenant rejoice ;  
Young children in their early days  
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

( 124 )

H Y M N CXVIII.

*The Gospel Jubilee.*

I.

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound,  
Let all the nations know  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

II.

The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your SAVIOUR'S face :  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return to your eternal home.

III.

Extol the LAMB of GOD,  
The all-atoning LAMB ;  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

H Y M N CXIX.

*Divine Unction.*

I.

**T**AKE my poor heart just as it is,  
Set up therein thy throne ;  
So shall I love thee above all,  
And live to thee alone.

Com-



II.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,  
That I may faithful prove,  
And listen to that small still voice,  
Which only whispers love.

III.

Which teaches me what is thy will,  
And tells me what to do;  
Which covers me with shame, when I  
Do not thy will pursue.

IV.

This unction may I ever feel,  
This teaching from my LORD;  
And learn obedience to thy voice,  
Thy soft reviving word!

H Y M N CXX.

*Free Grace.*

I.

**G**RACE! how exceeding sweet to those  
Who weary sinners are:  
Sunk and distressed, they taste and know  
Their heaven is only there.  
Thus grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
“Directly come, who will,  
“Just as you are; for CHRIST receives  
“Poor helpless sinners still.”

We

## II.

We thirst, O LORD ; give us, this day,  
 To taste more of this grace,  
 More of that stream which from the rock  
 Flow'd through the wilderness.  
 'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,  
 Grace keeps us inly poor;  
 And, Oh ! that nothing else but grace  
 May rule for evermore !

## H Y M N CXXI.

CHRIST *the Object of Praise and Homage.*

## I.

**B**RETHREN, let us join to bless  
 JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace.  
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,  
 High at GOD's right hand in heav'n.

## II.

Master see, to thee we bow,  
 Thou art LORD, and only thou ;  
 Thou, the blessed virgin's seed,  
 Glory of thy church and head.

## III.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
 Thee we praise, our Priest, our King :  
 Worthy is thy name of praise,  
 Full of glory, full of grace !

Thou

IV.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought—for all thy church, and we  
Worship in their company.

V.

We, thy little flock, adore  
Thee, the LORD, for evermore :  
Ever with us shew thy love,  
'Till we join with those above.

H Y M N CXXII.

*The Efficacy of the Blood of CHRIST.*

I.

**I**S there a thing that moves and breaks  
A heart as hard as stone,  
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?  
'Tis Jesu's blood alone ;  
One drop of this can truly cheer  
And heal the wounded soul ;  
What multitudes of broken hearts  
This living stream makes whole !

II.

Hark, O my soul ! what sing the choirs,  
Around the glorious throne !  
Hark ! the slain LAMB for evermore  
Sounds in the sweetest tone :

The

The elders there cast down their crowns,  
And all, both night and day,  
Sing praise to him, who shed his blood,  
And wash'd their guilt away.

III.

And this while here, will we proclaim,  
Chearful in our degree,  
That thro' the sacrificed LAMB,  
Sinners may pardon'd be.  
Do thou, O LORD, make ev'ry day,  
Thy grace to us more sweet,  
'Till borne from earth and sin away,  
We worship at thy feet!

H Y M N CXXIII.

*The Gospel of Peace.*

I.

**Y**E that in his courts are found,  
Lift'ning to the joyful sound;  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care:  
Glorify the KING of Kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

II.

Turn to CHRIST your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice;  
See in him your sins forgiv'n,  
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n!  
Glorify the KING of Kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

H Y M N CXXIV.

*Come and welcome to* JESUS CHRIST.

I.

COME, ye finners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
JESUS ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with pow'r.  
He is able, He is able, He is able ;  
He is willing : doubt no more.

II.

Ho ! ye needy ; come, and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify.  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money, without money, without  
money,  
Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

III.

Let not conscience make you linger ;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him :  
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he  
gives you ;  
'Tis the SPIRIT's rising beam.

R

Come



IV.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not  
the righteous ;  
Sinners JESUS came to call.

V.

Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;  
On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
*It is finish'd ; It is finish'd ; It is finish'd !*  
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

VI.

Lo ! th' incarnate GOD, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood !  
Venture on him, venture wholly ;  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but JESUS, none but JESUS, none but  
JESUS,  
Can do helpless finners good.

VII.

Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the LAMB ;

While

While the blisful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the fame.

H Y M N CXXV.

*Thy Kingdom come.*

I.

**L**IFT your heads, ye friends of JESUS,  
Partners in his patience here,  
CHRIST to all believers precious,  
LORD of Lords shall soon appear :  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heav'nly kingdom near !

II.

Hear all nature's groans proclaiming,  
Nature's swift-approaching doom !  
War and pestilence and famine  
Signify the wrath to come.  
Cleaves the centre ;  
Nations rush into the tomb.

III.

Close behind the tribulation  
Of these last tremendous days,  
See the flaming revelation,  
See the universal blaze !  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face !      Sun

IV.

Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darken'd into endless night,  
When with angel-hosts furrounded,  
In his FATHER's glory bright  
Beams the SAVIOUR,  
Shines the everlasting light.

V.

See the stars from heaven falling ;  
Hark on earth the doleful cry ;  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
(While the frowning Judge draws nigh)  
“ Hide us, Hide us,  
“ Rocks and mountains, from His eye !”

VI.

With what diff'rent exclamation  
Shall the saints his banner see !  
By the mon'ments of his passion  
By the marks receiv'd for me :  
All discern him,  
All with shouts cry out, “ 'Tis He !”

VII.

Lo ! 'tis He ! our heart's desire  
Come for his espous'd below,  
Come to join us with his quire,  
Come to make our joys o'erflow :  
Palms of vict'ry,  
Crowns of glory to bestow.

Yes.

## VIII.

Yes, the prize shall now be given,  
 We his open face shall see ;  
 Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
 Love our full reward shall be ;  
 Love shall crown us  
 Kings thro' all eternity !

## H Y M N CXXVI.

*Perseverance.*

## I.

**T**HE sinner that, by precious faith,  
 Hath felt his sins forgiv'n,  
 Is from that moment pass'd from death,  
 And seal'd an heir of heav'n.

## II.

Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,  
 Not one shall hold him fast ;  
 Whatever dangers he may meet,  
 He shall get safe at last.

## III.

Not as the world the SAVIOUR gives,  
 He is no fickle friend :  
 Whom once he loves, he never leaves ;  
 But loves him to the end.

## IV.

The man that would this truth withstand,  
 Would pull God's temple down,  
 Wrest JESU's sceptre from his hand,  
 And spoil him of his crown. Satan

## V.

Satan might then full vict'ry boast;  
 The church might wholly fall:  
 If one believer may be lost,  
 It follows, so may all.

## VI.

But CHRIST in ev'ry age has prov'd  
 His purchase firm and true.  
 If this foundation be remov'd,  
 What shall the righteous do?

## VII.

Brethren, by this your claim abide,  
 This title to your blis:  
 Whatever loss you bear beside,  
 O! never give up this.

## H Y M N CXXVII.

*Dependence on CHRIST alone.*

## I.

**I**F ever it could come to pass,  
 The sheep of CHRIST might fall away;  
 My fickle feeble soul, alas!  
 Would fall a thousand times a-day.  
 Were not thy love as firm as free,  
 Thou soon would'st take it, LORD, from me.

I on



II.

I on thy promises depend,  
(At least, I to depend desire)  
That thou wilt love me to the end;  
Be with me in temptation's fire;  
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too;  
And guide me right, and bring me through.

III.

No other stay have I beside;  
If these can alter, I must fall.  
I look to thee, to be supply'd  
With life, with will, with pow'r, with all.  
Rich souls may glory in their store;  
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

*Who can tell?* Jonah iii. 9.

I.

**G**REAT GOD to thee I'll make  
My wants and sorrows known;  
And with an humble hope,  
Approach thine awful throne;  
Tho' by my sins deserving hell,  
I'll not despair; for "*Who can tell?*"

To

II.

To thee who by a word  
My drooping soul canst chear,  
And by thy SPIRIT form,  
Thy glorious image there ;  
My foes subdue ; my fears dispel :  
I'll daily seek, for "*Who can tell ?*"

III.

In danger or distress,  
To thee alone I'll fly,  
Implore thy pow'rful help,  
And at thy footstool lie ;  
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,  
And patient wait, for "*Who can tell ?*"

IV.

My heart misgives me oft',  
And conscience storms within ;  
One gracious look from thee  
Will make it all serene.  
Satan suggests that I shall dwell  
In endless pains ; but "*Who can tell ?*"

V.

Curst unbelief be gone ;  
Ye doubts fly swift away ;  
God hath an ear to hear,  
Whil'st I've a heart to pray ;  
If he be mine, all will be well ;  
For ever so ; and "*Who can tell ?*"

H Y M N CXXIX.

*The Church, a Garden.*

I.

**Z**ION's a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen, and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

II.

Like spicy trees, believers stand,  
Planted by an Almighty hand ;  
And all the springs in *Zion* flow,  
To make the rich plantation grow.

III.

Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume ;  
SPIRIT Divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

IV.

Make thou our spices flow abroad,  
A grateful incense to our God ;  
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.

## H Y M N CXXX.

*The New Jerusalem.*

I.

**A**WAY with our sorrow and fear !  
 We soon shall recover our home :  
 The city of saints shall appear,  
 The day of eternity come :  
 From earth we shall quickly remove,  
 And mount to our native abode,  
 The house of our FATHER above,  
 The palace of angels and GOD.

II.

Our mourning is all at an end,  
 When rais'd by the life-giving word,  
 We see the new city descend,  
 Adorn'd as a bride for her LORD :  
 The city so holy and clean  
 No sorrow can breathe in the air,  
 No gloom of affliction or sin,  
 No shadow of evil is there.

III.

By faith we already behold  
 That lovely *Jerusalem here !*  
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
 As crystal her buildings are clear :  
 Immovably founded in grace  
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
 And brightly her builder displays,  
 And flames with the glory of GOD.

## IV.

No need of the sun in that day  
 Which never is follow'd by night,  
 Where JESUS's beauties display  
 A pure and a permanent light ;  
 The LAMB is their light and their sun,  
 And lo ! by reflection they shine,  
 With JESUS, ineffably one,  
 And bright in effulgence divine.

## V.

The saints in his presence receive  
 Their great and eternal reward,  
 In JESUS, in heaven, they live,  
 They reign in the smile of their LORD :  
 The flame of angelical love  
 Is kindled at JESUS's face,  
 And all their enjoyment above  
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

*Judgment joyfully anticipated.*

## I.

**R**ISE, ye dearly-purchas'd sinners,  
 Fill'd with faith's assurance rise,  
 Thro' the loss of JESUS winners,  
 Lords of all in earth and skies,  
 Sing and triumph  
 In his bleeding sacrifice.

To



II.

To his meritorious passion  
All our happiness we owe,  
Pardon, holiness, salvation,  
Heav'n above, and heav'n below,  
Grace and glory  
From that open fountain flow.

III.

Blest in our returning SAVIOUR,  
When he hath prepar'd our place,  
We shall reign with him for ever,  
Folded in his love's embrace :  
Come, REDEEMER,  
Shew us all thy heavenly face !

IV.

Now reveal thy full salvation,  
Let thy brightest lightnings shine,  
In the thund'ring acclamation  
While both faints and angels join ;  
Sounds the trumpet,  
Flames unfurl the crimson sign !

V.

With thine army of cross-bearers  
Lo ! we wait, we long to rise,  
In thy royal triumph sharers,  
In thy joy beyond the skies :  
Come the kingdom,  
SAVIOUR bring :h' immortal prize !

Answer

VI.

Answer thy own bride and SPIRIT,  
Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom,  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home ;  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

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## Sacramental Hymns.

### H Y M N CXXXII.

I.

*J*ESUS invites his faints,  
To meet around his board !  
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their LORD.

II.

For food he gives his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood :  
Amazing favor ! matchless grace  
Of our redeeming God !

III.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

CHRIST *our Passover is sacrificed for us.*

I Cor. v. 7.

I.

THOU very paschal LAMB,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Through whom we out of *Egypt* came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead!

II.

Angel of gospel grace,  
Fulfil thy character,  
To guard and feed thy chosen race,  
In *Israel's* camp appear!

III.

Throughout the desert-way  
Conduct us by thy light!  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A chearing fire by night.

IV.

Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love!

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXIV.

I.

**L**AMB of GOD, whose bleeding love  
We thus recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find ;  
Think on us, who think on thee,  
And ev'ry struggling soul release ;  
O remember *Calvary*,  
And bid us go in peace.

II.

By thine agonizing pain,  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away :  
Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
From all iniquity release,  
O remember *Calvary*,  
And bid us go in peace.

III.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,  
The sinner's pardon seal,  
Speak us freely justify'd,  
And all our sickness heal.

By

By thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;  
O remember *Calvary*,  
And bid us go in peace !

IV.

Never let us hence depart,  
'Till thou our wants relieve,  
Write forgiveness in our heart,  
And all thine image give :  
May our souls still cry to thee  
'Till perfected in holiness ;  
O remember *Calvary*.  
And bid us go in peace !

H Y M N CXXXV.

I.

**T**HANKFUL for our ev'ry blessing  
Let us sing,  
CHRIST the spring,  
Never, never ceasing.

II.

Source of all our gifts and graces,  
CHRIST we own ;  
CHRIST alone,  
Calls for all our praises,

He



III.

He dispels our sin and sadness,  
Life imparts,  
Cheers our hearts,  
Fills with food and gladness.

IV.

He himself for us hath given ;  
Us he feeds,  
Us he leads  
To a feast in heaven.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

I.

**I**N JESUS we live, in JESUS we rest,  
And thankful receive his dying request,  
The cup of salvation his mercy bestows ;  
And from his dear passion our happiness flows.

II.

With mystical wine he comforts us here,  
And gladly we join, 'till JESUS appear,  
With hearty thanksgiving his death to record:  
The living, the living should sing of the LORD.

III.

He hallow'd the cup which now we receive,  
The pledge of our hope with JESUS to live,  
T (Where

(Where sorrow and sadness shall never be  
found)

With glory and gladness eternally crown'd.

IV.

The fruit of the vine, (the joy it implies)  
Again we shall join to drink in the skies;  
Exult in his favour, our triumph renew;  
And I, faith the SAVIOUR, will drink it with  
you.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

*On the Crucifixion.* Matt. xxvii. 50—54.

I.

'TIS done! th' atoning work is done!  
JESUS the world's REDEEMER dies!  
All nature feels th' important groan,  
Loud echoing thro' the earth and skies:  
The earth doth to her centre quake,  
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black!

II.

The temple's veil is rent in twain,  
While JESUS meekly bows his head;  
The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
The yawning graves give up their dead;  
The

The bodies of the saints arise,  
Reviving as their SAVIOUR dies.

III.

And shall not we his death partake,  
In sympathetic anguish groan?  
O SAVIOUR let thy passion shake  
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone!  
To second life our souls restore,  
And wake us that we sleep no more.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

I.

ALL praise to the LORD, all praise is his  
due,  
To-day is his word of promise found true;  
We, we are the nations presented to GOD,  
Well-pleasing oblations thro' JESUS's blood.

II.

Poor Gentiles from far to JESUS we came,  
And offer'd we are to GOD thro' his name;  
To GOD thro' the SPIRIT ourselves may we  
give,  
While sav'd by the merit of JESUS we live!

H Y M N CXXXIX.

I.

OUR Shepherd alone  
The LORD let us bless,  
Who reigns on the throne  
The Prince of our peace;  
Who evermore saves us  
By shedding his blood;  
All hail, holy JESUS,  
Our LORD and our GOD!

II.

We daily will sing  
Thy merits, thy praise,  
Thou merciful Spring  
Of pity and grace;  
Thy kindness for ever  
To men we will tell,  
And say, our dear SAVIOUR  
Redeems us from hell.

III.

Preserve us in love,  
While here we abide:  
Nor ever remove,  
Nor cover, nor hide,  
Thy glorious salvation,  
'Till joyful we see  
The beautiful vision  
Completed in thee!

GLORIA

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## GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Or Hymns of Praise to the ever blessed  
and glorious TRINITY.

### H Y M N CXL.

#### I.

**O** FATHER of heaven! be ever ador'd!  
Thy mercy we find in sending our  
LORD,  
To ransom and bless us; thy goodness we  
praise  
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

#### II.

O SON of his love! who deignedst to die,  
Our curse to remove, our pardon to buy;  
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,  
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

#### III.

O SPIRIT of love, of health, and of pow'r!  
Thy working we prove; thy grace we adore,  
Whose inward revealing applies our LORD's  
blood,  
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

HYMN



H Y M N CXL.

**P**RAISE God from whom all blessings  
flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N CXLII.

**T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

H Y M N CXLIII.

**F**ATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One God, whom we adore :  
Join we with the heav'nly host,  
To praise Thee evermore :  
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,  
THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Holy, holy, holy LORD,  
All glory be to Thee.

HYMN

H Y M N CXLIV.

I.

**B**LEST be the FATHER and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe,  
Rivers of endless joys above,  
And rills of comfort here below!

II.

Glory to thee, great SON of GOD!  
Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.

III.

We give the sacred SPIRIT praise,  
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.

IV.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

H Y M N CXLV.

I.

**C**OME thou Almighty KING,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!

FATHER

FATHER all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us  
*Antient of Days!*

II.

JESUS our LORD arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made—  
Our souls on thee be stay'd—  
LORD, hear our call!

III.

Come thou incarnate *Word*,  
Gird on thy mighty sword—  
Our pray'r attend!  
Come! and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success,  
SPIRIT of holiness  
On us descend!

IV.

Come holy COMFORTER,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
Thou who Almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart  
SPIRIT of Pow'r!

To

V.

To the great *One—in—Three*  
Eternal praises be,

Hence—evermore !

His sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore !

H Y M N CXLVI.

**S**ING we to our *God* above,  
Praise, eternal as his love :  
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,  
*Father, Son and Holy Ghost.*

H Y M N CXLVII.

**G**IVE to the *Father* praise,  
Give glory to the *Son*,  
And to the *Spirit* of his grace  
Be equal honor done.

*End of the First Part.*





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A  
COLLECTION, &c.

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P A R T II.

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H Y M N CXLVIII.

*Walking with God. Gen. v, 24.*

I.

**B**Y faith in *Christ* I walk with *God*,  
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view ;  
Supported by his staff and rod,  
My road is safe and pleasant too.

II.

Tho' snares and dangers throng my path,  
And earth and hell my course withstand ;  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

III.

The wilderness affords no food,  
But *God* for my support prepares ;  
Provides me ev'ry needful good,  
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

IV.

With him sweet converse I maintain,  
Great as he is I dare be free ;  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.

V.

Some cordial from his word he brings,  
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;  
At once my soul revives and sings,  
And yields no more to sad complaints.

VI.

I pity all that worldlings talk  
Of pleasures that will quickly end ;  
Be this my choice, *O Lord*, to walk  
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

H Y M N CXLIX.

*My Name is J A C O B. Gen. xxxiii. 27.*

I.

NAY, I cannot let thee go,  
'Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

II.

Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
Ah, my *Lord*, thou know'st my name !  
Yet the question gives a plea,  
To support my suit with thee.

Thou

## III.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold,  
 Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy——  
 That poor rebel, *Lord*, was I.

## IV.

Once a sinner near despair,  
 Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;  
 Mercy heard and set him free,  
*Lord*, that mercy came to me.

## V.

Many years have pass'd since then,  
 Many changes I have seen ;  
 Yet have been upheld 'till now,  
 Who could hold me up but thou ?

## VI.

'Thou hast help'd in every need,  
 This emboldens me to plead ;  
 After so much mercy past,  
 Canst thou let me sink at last ?

## VII.

No—I must maintain my hold,  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
 I can no denial take,  
 When I plead for *Jesu's* sake.

HYMN

H Y M N C L.

*Joseph made known to his Brethren.*

Gen. xlv. 3, 4.

I.

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,  
Afflicted and trembling with fear ;  
His heart with compassion was fill'd,  
From weeping he could not forbear.  
A while his behavior was rough,  
To bring their past sin to their mind ;  
But when they were humbled enough,  
He hasted to shew himself kind.

II.

How little they thought it was he,  
Whom they had ill treated and sold !  
How great their confusion must be,  
As soon as his name he had told !  
“ I am Joseph, your brother, he said,  
And still to my heart you are dear,  
You sold me, and thought I was dead,  
But God, for your sakes, sent me here.”

III.

Tho' greatly distressed before,  
When charg'd with purloining the cup ;  
They now were confounded much more,  
Not one of them durst to look up.

“ Can:

"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,  
Forgive us the evil we did?  
And will he our households maintain?  
O this is a brother indeed!"

IV.

Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,  
And laden with guilt, to the *Lord*;  
Surrounded with terror and shame,  
Unable to utter a word.  
At first he look'd stern and severe,  
What anguish then pierced my heart!  
Expecting each moment to hear  
The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"

V.

But Oh! what surprize when he spoke,  
While tenderness beam'd in his face!  
My heart then to pieces was broke,  
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:  
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well,  
By thee I was sold and was slain;  
But I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,  
And raise thee in glory to reign."

VI.

I am *Jesus*, whom thou hast blasphem'd,  
And crucify'd often afresh;  
But let me henceforth be esteem'd,  
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:

My



My pardon I freely bestow,  
Thy wants I will fully supply;  
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,  
And soon will remove thee on high.

VII.

Go, publish to sinners around,  
That they may be willing to come,  
The mercy which now you have found,  
And tell them that yet there is room."  
Oh, sinners the message obey!  
No more vain excuses pretend;  
But come, without farther delay,  
To *Jesus* our brother and friend.

H Y M N C L I.

*Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings, iii. 5.*

I.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
*Jesus* loves to answer pray'r;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

II.

Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For his grace and pow'r are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

With

III.

With my burden I begin,  
*Lord*, remove this load of sin !  
Let thy blood, for finners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

IV.

*Lord* ! I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

V.

While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

VI.

Shew me what I have to do,  
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

H Y M N CLII.

ANOTHER.

I.

**B**Ehold the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There *Jesus* shews a smiling face,  
And waits to answer pray'r.

X

That

II.

That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to *God*,  
An all-prevailing plea.

III.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold.

IV.

Beyond thy utmost wants,  
His love and pow'r can bless;  
To praying souls he always grants,  
More than they can express.

V.

Thine image, *Lord*, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

VI.

Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be;  
Chearful the world's poor toys I leave,  
To them who know not thee.

## H Y M N CLIII.

*Faith's Review and Expectation.*

1 Chron. xvii 16, 17.

### I.

A Mazing grace ! (how sweet the sound)  
That sav'd a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

### II.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd ;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd !

### III.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

### IV.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

Yes,

V.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease ;  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

VI.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But *God*, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

H Y M N CLIV.

I.

*None upon Earth I desire besides thee.*

*Psal. lxxiii, 25.*

**H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When *Jesus* no longer I see ;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me :  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

II.

His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice :

I should,



I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

III.

Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind ;  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If *Jesus* would dwell with me there.

IV.

Dear *Lord*, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my fun and my song ;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

H Y M N CLV.

*What shall I render? Psal. cxvi. 12, 13.*

I.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From *Jesus*, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give ?      Alas!

II.

Alas ! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring him forth ?  
My best is stain'd and dy'd in sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

III.

Yet this acknowledgement I'll make  
For all he has bestow'd ;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my *God*.

IV.

The best returns for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor ;  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

V.

I cannot serve him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast ;  
Yet would I glory in the thought  
That I shall owe him most.

H Y M N CLVI.

*A Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother.*

Prov. xvii, 24.

I.

ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.

They

They who once his kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love !

II.

Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed their blood ?  
But our *Jesus* dy'd to have us  
Reconcil'd, in him to *God* :  
This was boundless love indeed !  
*Jesus* is a friend in need.

III.

Men, when rais'd to lofty stations,  
Often know their friends no more ;  
Slight and scorn their poor relations  
Tho' they valu'd them before.  
But our Saviour always owns  
Those whom he redeem'd with groans.

IV.

When he liv'd on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name ;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same :  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

V.

Could we bear from one another,  
What he daily bears from us ?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother,  
Loves us tho' we treat him thus :

Tho'

Tho' for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.

VI.

Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us *Lord*, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often,  
What a Friend we have above :  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We shall love thee as we ought.

H Y M N CLVII.

*The Refuge, River, and Rock of the Church.*  
Isaiah xxxii. 2.

I.

**H**E who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains ;  
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,  
The *God* of glory reigns.

II.

His hands the wheels of nature guide,  
With an unerring skill ;  
And countless worlds extended wide,  
Obey his sov'reign will.

III.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,  
In yonder world above ;  
His saints on earth admire his ways,  
And glory in his love,

His

IV.

His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,  
Wrought out for guilty worms;  
Affords a hiding-place and shield,  
From enemies and storms.

V.

This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,  
Is desolate and dry,  
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,  
Their thirst to satisfy.

VI.

When troubles like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head;  
To this almighty Rock they run,  
And find a pleasing shade.

VII.

How glorious he! how happy they  
In such a glorious friend!  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

H Y M N CLVIII.

*Zion, or the City of God. Isaiah xxxiii. 27, 2.*

I.

**G**Lorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode:



On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls furrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

II,

See! the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love;  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river,  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
Grace, which like the *Lord*, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

III.

Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Shewing that the *Lord* is near:  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day;  
Safe they feed upon the Manna  
Which he gives them when they pray

IV.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
*Jesus*, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to *God*;  
'Tis

'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings ;  
 And as priests, his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

## V.

Saviour, If of Zion's city  
 I thro' grace a member am ;  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and shew ;  
 Solid joys, and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know:

## H Y M N CLIX.

*Look unto me, and be ye saved. Isa. xlv. 22.*

## I.

**A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses  
 Heal'd the burning serpent's bite ;  
*Jesus* thus himself discloses  
 To the wounded sinner's sight :  
 Hear his gracious invitation,  
 " I have life and peace to give,  
 I have wrought out full salvation,  
 Sinner, look to me and live.

II.

Pore upon your sins no longer,  
Weil I know their mighty guilt;  
But my love than death is stronger,  
I my blood have freely spilt:  
Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,  
Look on me—it soft shall grow;  
Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,  
And I'll wash you white as snow.

III.

I have seen what you were doing,  
Tho' you little thought of me;  
You were madly bent on ruin,  
But I said—It shall not be:  
You had been for ever wretched,  
Had I not espous'd your part;  
Now behold my arms out-stretched  
To receive you to my heart.

IV.

Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,  
All your inward passions move;  
I could crush thee with my thunder,  
But I speak to thee in love:  
See! your sins are all forgiven,  
I have paid the countless sum!  
Now my death has opened heaven,  
Thither you shall shortly come.

Dearest

## V.

Dearest Saviour, we adore thee  
 For thy precious life and death;  
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,  
 Give us all the eye of faith:  
 From the law's condemning sentence,  
 To thy mercy we appeal;  
 Thou alone canst give repentance,  
 Thou alone our souls canst heal.

## H Y M N CLX.

*On one Stone shall be seven Eyes. Zec. iii. 9.*

## I.

**J**ESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,  
 Who his blood for sinners spilt;  
 Is the Stone by God appointed,  
 And the church is on him built:  
 He delivers all who trust him from their guilt.

## II.

Many eyes at once are fixed  
 On a person so divine;  
 Love, with awful justice mixed,  
 In his great redemption shine:  
 Mighty Jesus! give me leave to call thee mine.

## III.

By the Father's eye approved,  
 Lo, a voice is heard from heav'n,  
 "Sinners, this is my Beloved,  
 For your ransom freely given:  
 All offences, for his sake shall be forgiven.

Angels

IV.

Angels with their eyes pursu'd him,  
When he left his glorious throne :  
With astonishment they view'd him  
Put the form of servant on :  
Angels worshipping him who was on earth un-  
known.

V.

Satan and his host amazed,  
Saw this Stone in Zion laid ;  
*Jesus*, tho' to death abased,  
Bruis'd the subtle serpent's head :  
When to save us, on the cross his blood he shed.

VI.

When a guilty sinner sees him,  
While he looks, his soul is heal'd ;  
Soon this fight from anguish frees him,  
And imparts a pardon seal'd :  
May this Saviour be to all our hearts reveal'd !

VII.

With desire and admiration,  
All his blood-bought flock behold ;  
Him who wrought out their salvation,  
And enclos'd them in his fold :  
Yet their warmest love, and praises are too cold.

H Y M N



H Y M N CLXI.

*Woman of Canaan.* Mat. xv. 22--28.

I.

**P**RAY'R an answer will obtain,  
Tho' the *Lord* awhile delay;  
None shall seek his face in vain,  
None be empty sent away.

II.

When the woman came from Tyre,  
And for help to *Jesus* fought;  
Tho' he granted her desire,  
Yet at first he answer'd not.

III.

Could she guess at his intent,  
When he to his follow'rs said,  
"I to Israel's sheep am sent,  
Dogs must not have children's bread."

IV.

She was not of Israel's seed,  
But of Canaan's wretched race;  
Thought herself a dog indeed;  
Was not this a hopeless case.

V.

Yet altho' from Canaan sprung,  
Tho' a dog herself she stil'd;  
She had Israel's faith and tongue,  
And was own'd for Abraham's child.

From

## VI.

From his words she draws a plea,  
 'Tho' unworthy children's bread,  
 'Tis enough for one like me,  
 If with crumbs I may be fed.

## VII.

*Jesus* then his heart reveal'd,  
 "Woman canst thou thus believe?"  
 'I to thy petition yield,  
 All that thou canst wish, receive."

## VIII.

'Tis a pattern set for us,  
 How we ought to wait and pray;  
 None who plead and wrestle thus,  
 Shall be empty sent away.

## H Y M N CLXII.

*What think ye of CHRIST?* Mat. xxii. 42.

## I.

**W**HAT think you of *Christ*? is the test  
 To try both your state and your  
 scheme;

You cannot be right in the rest,  
 Unless you think rightly of him,  
 As *Jesus* appears in your view,  
 As he is beloved or not;  
 So *God* is disposed to you,  
 And mercy or wrath are your lot.

Some

## II.

Some take him a creature to be,  
 A man, or an angel at most;  
 Sure these have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:  
 So guilty, so helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in his blood,  
 Nor on his protection rely,  
 Unless I were sure he is *God*.

## III.

Some call him a Savior, in word,  
 But mix their own works with his plan;  
 And hope he his help will afford,  
 When they have done all that they can:  
 If doings prove rather too light,  
 (A little, they own, they may fail)  
 They purpose to make up full weight,  
 By casting his name in the scale.

## IV.

Some stile him the Pearl of great price,  
 And say he's the fountain of joys;  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys:  
 Like Judas, the Savior they kiss,  
 And, while they salute him, betray;  
 Ah! what will profession like this  
 Avail in his terrible day?

If ask'd, what of *Jesus* I think ?  
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor ;  
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;  
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,  
 My Savior from sin and from thrall ;  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My Portion, my *Lord*, and my All.

## H Y M N CLXIII.

*The foolish Virgins. Mat. xxv. 1.*

## I.

**W**HEN descending from the sky,  
 The Bridegroom shall appear ;  
 And the solemn midnight cry,  
 Shall call professors near :  
 How the sound our hearts will damp !  
 How will shame o'erspread each face !  
 If we only have a lamp,  
 Without the oil of grace.

## II.

Foolish virgins then will wake,  
 And seek for a supply ;  
 But in vain the pains they take  
 To borrow or to buy:

Then

Then with those they now despise,  
Earnestly they'll wish to share ;  
But the best, among the wise,  
Will have no oil to spare.

III.

Wise are they, and truly blest,  
Who then shall ready be !  
But despair will seize the rest,  
And dreadful misery :  
Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,  
Tho' in lies our trust we put ;  
Now our lamp of hope is out,  
The door of mercy shut.

IV.

If they then presume to plead,  
" Lord, open to us now ;  
We on earth have hear'd and pray'd,  
And with thy saints did bow :"  
He will answer from his throne,  
" Tho' you with my people mix'd,  
Yet to me you ne'er were known,  
Depart, your doom is fix'd."

V.

O that none who worship here  
May hear that word, Depart !  
Lord, impress a godly fear  
On each professor's heart :

Help



Help us, *Lord*, to search the camp,  
 Let us not ourselves beguile ;  
 Trusting to a dying lamp  
 Without the living oil.

## H Y M N CLXIV.

*The Ruler's Daughter raised.* Mark v. 39—42.

## I.

**C**OULD the creatures help or ease us,  
 Seldom should we think of pray'r ;  
 Few, if any, come to *Jesús*,  
 'Till reduc'd to self-despair :  
 Long we either slight or doubt him,  
 But when all the means we try,  
 Prove we cannot do without him,  
 Then at last to him we cry,

## II.

Fear not then, distress'd believer,  
 Venture on his mighty name ;  
 He is able to deliver,  
 And his love is still the same ;  
 Can his pity or his pow'r,  
 Suffer thee to pray in vain ?  
 Wait but his appointed hour,  
 And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXV.

*The Pool of Bethesda.* John v. 2—4.

I.

**B**ESIDE the gospel pool,  
Appointed for the poor ;  
From year to year, my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.

II.

How often have I seen,  
The healing waters move ;  
And others, round me, stepping in  
Their efficacy prove.

III.

But my complaints remain,  
I feel the very same ;  
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
As when at first I came.

IV.

O would the *Lord* appear  
My malady to heal ;  
He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
And what distress I feel.

V.

Here then, from day to day,  
I'll wait, and hope, and try ;  
Can *Jesus* hear a sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die ?

No :

VI.

No: he is full of grace;  
He never will permit  
A soul, that fain would see his face,  
To perish at his feet.

H Y M N CLXVI.

*Will ye also go away? John vi. 67—69.*

I.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my *Savior* say,  
“ Wilt thou forsake me too ?”

II.

Ah *Lord!* with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast;  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.

III.

Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,  
To save a wretch like me;  
To whom, or whither, could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?

IV.

Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd  
Thou art the *Christ* of God;  
Who hast eternal life secur'd  
By promise, and by blood.

The

## V.

The help of men and angels join'd,  
 Could never reach my case ;  
 Nor can I hope relief to find,  
 But in thy boundless grace.

## VI.

No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart ;  
 No love but thine can make me blest'd,  
 And satisfy my heart.

## VII.

What anguish has that question stir'd,  
 If I will also go ?  
 Yet, *Lord*, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer, No !

## H-Y M N CLXVII.

*Lovest thou me ?* John xxi. 16.

## I.

**H**ARK, my soul ! it is the *Lord* ;  
 'Tis thy *Saviour*, hear his word ;  
*Jesus* speaks, and speaks to thee ;  
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

## II.

I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light." Can

III.

Can a woman's tender care  
Cease, towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

IV.

" Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above ;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

V.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be,  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

VI.

*Lord* it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee and adore,  
Oh for grace to love thee more !

H Y M N CLXVIII.

*The Good that I would I do not.* Rom. vii.

I.

**I** Would, but cannot sing,  
Guilt has untun'd my voice ;  
The serpent sin's envenom'd sting  
Has poison'd all my joys.

Oh



II.

Oh could I but believe?  
Then all would easy be;  
I would, but cannot, *Lord*, relieve,  
My help must come from thee!

III.

But if indeed I *would*,  
Tho' I can nothing do;  
Yet the desire is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

IV.

By nature prone to ill,  
Till thine appointed hour  
I was as destitute of will,  
As now I am of pow'r.

V.

Wilt thou not crown, at length,  
The work thou hast begun?  
And with a will, afford me strength  
In all thy ways to run?

H Y M N CLXIX.

*The inward Warfare.* Gal. v. 17.

I.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life,  
What opposites I feel within!  
A stable peace, a constant strife,  
The rule of grace, the pow'r of sin:

A a

Too

Too often I am captive led,  
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

II.

I prize the privilege of pray'r,  
But oh! what backwardness to pray!  
Tho' on the *Lord* I cast my care,  
I feel its burden ev'ry day:  
I seek *his* will in all I do,  
Yet find my own is working too.

III.

I call the promises my own,  
And prize them more than mines of gold;  
Yet tho' their sweetness I have known,  
They leave me unimpress'd and cold:  
One hour upon the truth I feed,  
The next I know not what I read.

IV.

I love the holy day of rest,  
When *Jesus* meets his gather'd faints;  
Sweet day, of all the week the best!  
For its return my spirit pants:  
Yet often, thro' my unbelief,  
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

V.

While on my *Saviour* I rely,  
I know my foes shall lose their aim;  
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,  
Assur'd of conquest thro' his name:  
But soon my confidence is slain,  
And all my fears return again.

Thus

## VI.

Thus different pow'rs within me strive,  
 And grace, and sin, by turns prevail;  
 I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,  
 And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale;  
 But *Jesus* has his promise pass'd,  
 That grace shall overcome at last.

## H Y M N CLXX.

*Looking unto JESUS.* Heb. xii, 2.

## I.

**B**Y various maxims, forms and rules,  
 That pass for wisdom in the schools,  
 I strove corruption to restrain;  
 But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

## II.

But since the *Saviour* I have known  
 My rules are all reduc'd to one;  
 To keep my *Lord*, by faith, in view,  
 This strength supplies and motives too.

## III.

I see him lead a suffering life,  
 Patient, amidst reproach and strife;  
 And from his pattern courage take  
 To bear, and suffer, for his sake.

## IV.

Upon the cross I see him bleed,  
 And by the sight from guilt am freed;  
 This sight destroys the life of sin,  
 And quickens heav'nly life within,

To.

## V.

To look to *Jesus* as he rose  
 Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;  
 Satan I shame and overcome,  
 By pointing to my *Saviour's* tomb.

## VI.

Exalted on his glorious throne,  
 I see him make my cause his own ;  
 Then all my anxious cares subside,  
 For *Jesus* lives, and will provide.

## VII.

I see him look with pity down,  
 And hold in view the Conqu'ror's crown ;  
 If press'd with griefs and cares before,  
 My soul revives, nor asks for more.

## VIII.

By faith I see the hour at hand  
 When in his presence I shall stand ;  
 Then it will be my endless bliss,  
 To see him where, and as he is.

## H Y M N CLXXI.

*God speaking from Mount Zion.*

## I.

**T**HE *God* who once to *Israel* spoke  
 From *Sinai's* top, in fire and smoke,  
 In gentler strains of gospel grace  
 Invites us, now, to seek his face.

He

II.

He wears no terrors on his brow,  
He speaks, in love, from *Zion*, now;  
It is the voice of *Jesus'* blood  
Calling poor wand'ers home to *God*.

III.

The holy *Moses* quak'd and fear'd  
When *Sinai's* thundring law he heard;  
But reigning grace, with accents mild,  
Speaks to the sinner, as a child.

IV.

Hark! how from *Calvary* it sounds;  
From the *Redeemer's* bleeding wounds!  
"Pardon and grace, I freely give,  
Poor sinner, look to me, and live."

V.

O *Savior*, let that pow'r be felt,  
And cause each stony heart to melt!  
Deeply impress upon our youth,  
The light, and force, of gospel truth.

VI.

With this new-year may they begin  
To live to thee, and die to sin;  
To enter by the narrow way  
Which leads to everlasting day.

VII.

How will they else thy presence bear,  
When as a Judge thou shalt appear!  
When slighted love, to wrath shall turn,  
And the whole earth like *Sinai* burn!

HYMN



( 190 )

## HYMN CLXXII.

*Praise for the Incarnation.*

I.

SWEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me, in *Emmanuel's* name;  
All her hopes my spirit owes .  
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

II.

When he came the angels sung  
"Glory be to *God* on high;"  
*Lord*, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,  
Who should louder sing than I.

III.

Did the *Lord* a man become  
That he might the law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room?  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

IV.

No, I must my praises bring,  
Tho' they worthless are, and weak;  
For should I refuse to sing  
Sure the very stones would speak.

V.

O my *Saviour*, Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
Ev'ry precious name in one,  
I will love thee without end.

HYMN

H Y M N CLXXIII.

*Jehovah-Jesus.*

I.

**M**Y song shall bless the *Lord* of all,  
My praise shall climb to his abode;  
Thee, *Saviour*, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty *God*.

II.

Without beginning, or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.

III.

As much, when in the manger laid,  
Almighty ruler of the sky;  
As when the six days works he made,  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

IV.

Of all the crowns *Jehovah* bears,  
Salvation is his dearest claim;  
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,  
And owns *Emmanuel* for his name.

V.

A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see.  
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal  
To worship him who dy'd for me.

## VI.

As man, he pities my complaint,  
 His pow'r and truth are all divine;  
 He will not fail, he cannot faint,  
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

## H Y M N CLXXIV.

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

*Ebenezer.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

## I.

**T**HE *Lord*, our salvation and light,  
 The guide and the strength of our days;  
 Has brought us together, to night,  
 A new *Ebenezer* to raise:  
 The year we have now passed thro',  
 His goodness with blessings has crown'd;  
 Each morning his mercies were new,  
 Then let our thanksgivings abound.

## II.

Encompass'd with dangers and snares,  
 Temptations, and fears, and complaints;  
 His ear he inclin'd to our prayers,  
 His hand open'd wide to our wants:  
 We never besought him in vain,  
 When burden'd with sorrow or sin,  
 He help'd us again and again,  
 Or where, before now, had we been?

His

## III.

His gospel, throughout the long year,  
 From sabbath to sabbath he gave;  
 How oft has he met with us here,  
 And shewn himself mighty to save?  
 His candlestick has been remov'd  
 From churches once privileg'd thus;  
 But, tho' we unworthy have prov'd,  
 It still is continu'd to us.

## IV.

For so many mercies receiv'd,  
 Alas! what returns have we made?  
 His Spirit we often have griev'd,  
 And evil, for good, have repaid:  
 How well it becomes us to cry,  
 " Oh, who is a *God* like to thee?  
 Who passest iniquities by,  
 And plungest them deep in the sea!"

## V.

To *Jesus* who sits on the throne,  
 Our best hallelujahs we bring;  
 To thee it is owing alone,  
 That we are permitted to sing:  
 Assist us, we pray, to lament  
 The sins of the year that is past;  
 And grant that the next may be spent  
 Far more to thy praise than the last.

H Y M N CLXXV.

*Gospel Privileges.*

I.

**O** Happy they who know the *Lord*,  
With whom he deigns to dwell!  
He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
His arm supports them well.

II.

To them, in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near;  
And when they plead his love and pow'r,  
He stands engag'd to hear,

III.

His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.

VI.

*Lord*, we expect to suffer here,  
Nor would we dare repine;  
But give us, still, to find thee near,  
And own us, still, for thine.

V.

Let us enjoy, and highly prize  
These tokens of thy love;  
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
To worship thee above.



H Y M N CLXXVI.

*The Word more precious than Gold.*

I.

**P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
Does the word of *God* afford?  
All I want for life or pleasure,  
*Food and Medicine, Shield and Sword:*  
Let the world account me poor,  
Having this I need no more.

II.

*Food* to which the world's a stranger,  
Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
Of excess there is no danger,  
Tho' it fills, it never cloy:  
On a dying *Christ* I feed,  
He is meat and drink indeed!

III.

When my faith is faint and sickly,  
Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
Cordials, to revive me quickly,  
Healing *Med'cines* here I find:  
To the promises I flee,  
Each affords a remedy.

IV.

In the hour of dark temptation  
Satan cannot make me yield;  
For the word of consolation  
Is to me a mighty Shield:

While

While the scripture-truths are sure,  
From his malice I'm secure.

V.

Vain his threats to overcome me,  
When I take the *Spirits'* Sword ;  
Then with ease I drive him from me,  
Satan trembles at the word :  
'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

VI.

Shall I envy then the miser  
Doating on his golden store ?  
Sure I am, or should be, wiser,  
I am Rich, 'tis he is Poor :  
*Jesus* gives me in his word,  
*Food and Medicine, Shield and Sword.*

H Y M N CLXXVII.

*The Day of Judgment.*

I.

**D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons will the sinner's heart con-  
found !

See

II.

See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This *God* is mine!  
*Gracious Savior*, own me in that day for thine!

III.

At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the pow'rs of nature shaken  
By his look, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee!

IV.

But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the *Lord* below;  
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow:  
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

V.

Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought your courage raise!  
Swiftly *God's* great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:  
We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

*The Effort.*

I.

CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat  
Sprinkled with blood, where *Jesus* answers  
pray'r;  
There humbly cast thyself, beneath his feet,  
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

II.

*Lord*, I am come! thy promise is my plea,  
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;  
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,  
A weary burden'd soul, O *Lord*, am I!

III.

Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,  
By Satan's fierce temptations forely prest,  
Beset without, and full of fears within,  
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

IV.

Be thou my refuge, *Lord*, my hiding-place,  
I know no force can tear me from thy side;  
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,  
And answer ev'ry charge, with, "*Jesus* dy'd."

V.

Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,  
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations  
mean;

Such

Such was thy love, and now, enthron'd on high,  
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

## VI.

*Lord* give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!  
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:  
He shews me what he did, and who he is,  
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

## H Y M N CLXXIX.

*Light shining out of Darkneſs.*

## I.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

## II.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill;  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

## III.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

## IV.

Judge not the *Lord* by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

His



V.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.

VI.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
*God* is 'his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CLXXX.

*Rejoice the Soul of thy Servant.*

I.

**W**HEN my pray'rs are a burden and task,  
No wonder I little receive;  
O *Lord*, make me willing to ask,  
Since thou art so ready to give:  
Altho' I am bought with thy blood,  
And all thy salvation is mine;  
At a distance from thee my chief good,  
I wander, and languish, and pine.

II.

Of thy goodness of old when I read,  
To those who were sinners like me,  
Why may I not wrestle and plead,  
With them a partaker to be?

Thine

Thine arm is not shorten'd since then,  
And those who believe on thy name,  
Ever find thou art Yea and Amen,  
Thro' all generations the same.

III.

While my spirit within me is prest,  
With sorrow, temptation, and fear;  
Like John I would flee to thy breast,  
And pour my complaints in thine ear:  
How happy and favor'd was he,  
Who could on thy bosom repose!  
Might this favor be granted to me,  
I'd smile at the rage of my foes.

IV.

I have heard of thy wonderful name,  
How great and exalted thou art;  
But ah! I confess to my shame.  
It faintly impresses my heart:  
The beams of thy glory display,  
As Peter once saw thee appear;  
That transported like him I may say.  
"It is good for my soul to be here."

V.

What a sorrow and weight didst thou feel,  
When nail'd, for my sake, to the tree!  
My heart sure is harder than steel,  
To feel no more sorrow for thee:

Oh let me with *Thomas* descry  
 The wounds in thy hands and thy side;  
 And have feelings like his, when I cry,  
 " My *God*, and my *Saviour* has dy'd!"

## VI.

But if thou'lt appointed me still  
 To wrestle, and suffer, and fight;  
 Oh make me resign'd to thy will,  
 For all thine appointments are right:  
 This mercy, at least, I intreat,  
 That knowing how vile I have been,  
 I with *Mary* may wait at thy feet,  
 And weep o'er the pardon of sin.

## H Y M N CLXXXI.

*Why should I complain?*

## I.

**W**HEN my *Saviour*, my Shepherd is near,  
 How quickly my sorrows depart!  
 New beauties around me appear,  
 New spirits enliven my heart:  
 His presence gives peace to my soul,  
 And Satan assaults me in vain;  
 While my Shepherd his power controuls,  
 I think I no more shall complain.

## II.

But alas! what a change do I find,  
 When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight?  
 My fears all return to my mind,  
 My day is soon chang'd into night:      Then

Then Satan his efforts renews  
To vex and ensnare me again ;  
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,  
And can only lament and complain,

III.

By these changes I often pass thro'  
I am taught my own weakness to know ;  
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,  
And how much to his mercy I owe ;  
It is he who supports me thro' all,  
When I faint he revives me again ;  
He attends to my pray'r when I call,  
And bids me no longer complain.

IV.

Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve ?  
Since my Shepherd is always the same,  
And has promis'd he never will leave  
The soul that confides in his name :  
To relieve me from all that I fear,  
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain ;  
And at length he will surely appear,  
'Tho' he leave me awhile to complain.

V.

While I dwell in an enemy's land,  
Can I hope to be always in peace ?  
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,  
And that shortly this warfare will cease ;  
For

For e're long he will bid me remove  
From this region of sorrow and pain,  
To abide in his presence above,  
And then I no more shall complain.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

*I will Trust and not be afraid.*

I.

**W**HY should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?  
He told me no less:  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Thro' much tribulation  
Must follow their *Lord*.

II,

How bitter that cup,  
No heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up,  
That sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher,  
And darker than mine;  
Did *Jesus* thus suffer,  
And shall I repine?

Since



III.

Since all that I meet,  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine is food;  
Tho' painful at present,  
Will cease before long,  
And then, Oh ! how pleasant,  
The conqueror's song !

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

*Jesus my all.*

I.

**W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r?  
*Jesus* vouchsafes to be my tow'r.

II.

Tho' hot the fight ; why quit the field ?  
Why must I either flee or yield,  
Since *Jesus* is my mighty shield ?

III.

When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldings may weep ; but why should I ?  
*Jesus* still lives, and still is nigh.

IV.

Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For *Jesus* is my living bread.

I know

V.

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supply'd;  
But *Jesus* knows, and will provide.

VI.

Tho' sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address;  
For *Jesus* is my righteousness.

VII.

Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While *Jesus* intercedes above.

VIII.

Against me earth and hell combine;  
But on my side is pow'r divine;  
*Jesus* is all, and he is mine.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

*The Christian.*

I.

**H**ONOR and happiness unite  
To make the Christian's name a praise;  
How fair the scene, how clear the light,  
That fills the remnant of his days!

II.

A kingly character he bears,  
No change his priestly office knows;  
Unfading is the crown he wears,  
His joys can never reach a close.

Adorn'd

III.

Adorn'd with glory from on high,  
Salvation shines upon his face;  
His robe is of th' etherial dye,  
His steps are dignity and grace.

IV.

Inferior honors he disdains,  
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;  
The King of kings himself maintains  
Th' expences of his heav'nly birth.

V.

The noblest creature seen below,  
Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;  
*God* gives him all he can bestow,  
His kingdom of eternal love !

VI.

My soul is ravish'd at the thought !  
Methinks from earth I see him rise ;  
Angels congratulate his lot,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

*Confidence.*

I.

**Y**ES! since *God* himself has said it,  
On the promise I rely ;  
His good word demands my credit,  
What can unbelief reply ?  
He is strong and *can* fulfil,  
He is truth and therefore *will*.

**As**

II.

As to all the doubts and questions,  
Which my spirit often grieve,  
These are Satan's sly suggestions,  
And I need no answer give ;  
He would fain destroy my hope,  
But the promise bears it up.

III.

Sure the *Lord* thus far has brought me,  
By his watchful tender care ;  
Sure 'tis he himself hath taught me  
How to seek his face by pray'r:  
After so much mercy past,  
Will he give me up at last?

IV.

True, I've been a foolish creature,  
And have sinn'd against his grace;  
But forgiveness is his nature,  
Tho' he justly hides his face:  
E're he call'd me, well he knew,  
What a heart like mine would do.

V.

In my *Saviour's* intercession  
Therefore I will still confide;  
*Lord* accept my free confession,  
I have sinn'd, but thou hast dy'd:  
This is all I have to plead,  
This is all the plea I need.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

*Hear what he has done for my Soul!*

I.

SAV'D by blood I live to tell,  
What the love of *Christ* hath done;  
He redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Of a rebel made a son :  
Oh I tremble still, to think  
How secure I liv'd in sin ;  
Sporting on destruction's brink,  
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

II.

In his own appointed hour,  
To my heart the *Saviour* spoke ;  
Touch'd me by his Spirit's pow'r,  
And my dang'rous slumber broke :  
Then I saw and own'd my guilt,  
Soon my gracious *Lord* reply'd ;  
" Fear not, I my blood have spilt,  
'Twas for such as thee I dy'd."

III.

Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
All at once possess'd my heart ;  
Can I hope thy grace to prove,  
After acting such a part ?

D d

" Theu



“Thou hast greatly sinn’d, he said,  
But I freely all forgive;  
I myself thy debt have paid,  
Now I bid thee rise and live.”

IV.

Come, my fellow-sinners, try,  
*Jesu's* heart is full of love;  
O that you, as well as I,  
May his wond'rous mercy prove!  
He has sent me to declare,  
All is ready, all is free;  
Why should any soul despair,  
When he sav'd a wretch like me?

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

*The happy Debtor.*

I.

TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,  
And nothing had to pay;  
But *Jesus* freed me from the load,  
And wash'd my debt away.

II.

Yet since the *Lord* forgave my sin,  
And blotted out my score;  
Much more indebted I have been,  
Than e'er I was before.

My

III.

My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,  
And satisfaction made ;  
But the vast debt of love I owe,  
Can never be repaid.

IV.

The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,  
For power to believe,  
For present peace, and promis'd heav'n,  
No angel can conceive.

V.

That love of thine ! thou sinner's Friend !  
Witness thy bleeding heart !  
My little all can ne'er extend  
To pay a thousandth part,

VI.

Nay more, the poor returns I make  
I first from thee obtain ;  
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take  
Such poor returns again.

VII.

'Tis well—it shall my glory be  
(Let who will boast their store)  
In time and to eternity,  
To owe thee more and more.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

*Praise for Redeeming Love.*

## I.

**L**ET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,  
 , Let us *praise* the *Saviour's* name!  
 He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,  
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame!  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to *God*.

## II.

Let us *love* the *Lord* who bought us,  
 Pity'd us when enemies;  
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,  
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He presents our souls to *God*.

## III.

Let us *sing* tho' fierce temptations  
 Threaten hard to bear us down,  
 For the *Lord*, our strong salvation,  
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to *God*.

## IV.

Let us *wonder*, grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercy's store;  
 When thro' grace in *Christ* our trust is,  
 Justice smiles and asks no more:

He

He who wash'd us with his blood,  
Has secur'd our way to God.

V.

Let us *praise*, and join the chorus,  
Of the faints, enthron'd on high ;  
Here they trusted him before us,  
Now their praises fill the sky :  
“ Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,  
Thou art worthy, *Lamb of God !*”

VI.

Hark ! the name of *Jesus*, founded  
Loud, from golden harps above !  
*Lord*, we blush, and are confounded,  
Faint our praises, cold our love !  
Wash our souls and songs with blood,  
For by thee we come to God.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

*I will praise the Lord at all times.*

I.

**W**INTER has a joy for me,  
While the *Saviour's* charms I read,  
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,  
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

II.

Spring returns, and brings along  
Life-invigorating suns :  
Hark ! the turtles's plaintive song,  
Seem to speak his dying groans !

Summer

III.

Summer has a thousand charms,  
All expressive of his worth ;  
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,  
His the air that cools the earth.

IV.

What, has autumn left to say  
Nothing, of a *Saviour's* grace ?  
Yes, the beams of milder day  
Tell me of his smiling face.

V.

Light appears with early dawn ;  
While the sun makes haste to rise,  
See his bleeding beauties, drawn  
On the blushes of the skies.

VI.

Ev'ning, with a silent pace,  
Slowly moving in the west,  
Shews an emblem of his grace,  
Points to an eternal rest.

H Y M N CXC.

*Perseverance.*

I.

**R**EJOICE, believer, in the *Lord*,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
'The hope that's built upon his word,  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Tho'



Tho' many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm ;  
Your life is hid with *Christ* in *God*,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

III.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or fainting shall not die ;  
*Jesus* the strength of ev'ry faint,  
Will aid you from on high.

IV.

Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
Faith sees him always near ;  
A *Guide*, a *Glory*, a *Defence*,  
Then what have you to fear ?

V.

As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you ;  
So surely you, that love his name,  
Shall triumph in him too.

H Y M N CXCI.

*Longing for Assurance.*

I.

'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought :  
Do I love the *Lord*, or no ?  
Am I his, or am I not ?

II.

If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?  
Hardly sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name !

III.

Could my heart so hard remain,  
Pray'r a task and burden prove ;  
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a *Saviour's* love ?

IV.

When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?

V.

If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that *love* the *Lord* indeed,  
Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

VI.

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin, a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?

Could

## VII.

Could I joy his saints to meet,  
 Choose the ways I once abhor'd ?  
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
 If I did not love the *Lord* ?

## VIII.

*Lord* decide the doubtful case !  
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.

## IX.

Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

## H Y M N CXCII.

*The Heavenly Voyage.*

## I.

*J*ESU, at thy command  
 I launch into the deep ;  
 And leave my native land  
 Where Sin lulls all asleep.  
 For thee I fain would all resign  
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

## II.

What though the seas are broad,  
 What though the waves are strong ?  
 What though tempestuous winds  
 Distress me all along ?

E e

Yet

Yet what are seas or stormy wind  
Compar'd to *Christ*, the *Sinner's Friend*?

III.

*Christ* is my Pilot wife,  
My compass is his word;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a *Lord*.  
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r  
To save me in the trying hour.

IV.

Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie;  
Yet *Christ* will safely keep  
And guide me with his eye.  
How can I sink with such a prop  
That bears the world and all things up?

V.

By *Faith* I see the land,  
The hav'n of endless rest;  
My soul thy wings expand  
And fly to *Jesu's* breast!  
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,  
Where winds and seas distress no more!

VI.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And all my storms subside;  
Then to my succour fly,  
And keep me near thy side.

For

For more the treach'rous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

VII.

Come *heav'nly* wind and blow  
A prosp'rous gale of grace,  
To waft from all below  
To heav'n my *destin'd* place.  
Then in full sail my port i'll find  
And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CXCIIL.

*Asham'd of Jesus.* Mark viii. 38.

I.

*J*ESUS! and shall it ever be?  
A mortal man *asham'd* of thee!  
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,  
O! may I scorn it more and more!

II.

*Asham'd of Jesus!* of that friend  
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend?  
It must not be—Be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name!

III.

*Asham'd of Jesus!* sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star.  
*Asham'd of Jesus!* just as soon  
Let midnight blush to think of noon.

'Tis



## IV.

'Tis evening with my soul, till he,  
 That morning star bids darkness flee.  
 He sheds the beams of noon divine  
 O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

## V.

*Asham'd of Jesus!* shall yon field,  
 Blush when it thinks who bids it yield?  
 Yet blush I must while I adore—  
 I blush to think I yield no more,

## VI.

*Asham'd of Jesus!* yes I may,  
 When I've no crimes to wash away,  
 No tears to wipe, no joy to crave,  
 No fears to quell, or soul to save,

## VII.

'Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
 'Till then I *boast* a Saviour slain:  
 And Oh! may this my portion be,  
 That *Christ* is not *asham'd* of me.

## H Y M N CXCIV.

*The Sun of Righteousness.* Mal. iv. 2.

## 1.

**L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
 Come! and by thy love's revealing  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:

The

The new heav'n and earth's creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise !  
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes !

II.

Still we wait for thine appearing,  
Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears and chearing  
Every poor benighted heart ;  
Come and manifest the favour  
*God* hath for our ransom'd race ;  
Come ! thou glorious *God* and *Saviour* !  
Come ! and bring the Gospel-grace !

III.

Save us in thy great compassion,  
O thou mild pacific *Prince* !  
Give the knowledge of Salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins ;  
By thine all-restoring merit,  
Ev'ry burden'd soul release,  
Ev'ry weary, wandring spirit  
Guide into thy perfect peace.

H Y M N CXC.V.

*For a National Fast.*

I.

**L**ORD, look on all assembled here ;  
Who in thy presence stand,  
To offer up united prayer  
For this our sinful land.

Of.

II.

Oft have we each in private, pray'd  
Our country might find grace.  
Now here the same petition's made  
In this appointed place.

III.

O turn us, turn us mighty *Lord*,  
By thy resistless grace!  
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

IV.

Great *God* of Hosts deliv'rance bring,  
Guide those that hold the helm;  
Support the State; preserve the King;  
And spare the guilty realm.

V.

Or should the dread decree be past,  
And we must feel thy rod;  
May faith and patience hold us fast  
To our correcting *God*.

VI.

Whatever be our destin'd case  
Accept us in thy *Son*;  
Give us his *gospel*, and his *grace*;  
And then "*Thy will be done.*"

H Y M N CXCVI.

*I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever.*

*Psalm lxxxix. 1,*

I.

**T**HY mercy, my *God*, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my  
tongue :

Thy free grace, alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

II.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here ;  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair :  
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

III.

Whene'er I go wrong, thy rich mercy begins  
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins :  
And led by the spirit, to *Jesus's* blood,  
My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is renew'd.

IV

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart :  
Dissolv'd by thy presence I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

V.

Thy mercy in *Jesus* exempts me from hell ;  
Of thy mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell :  
'Twas *Jesus* my friend, when he hung on the tree,  
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great

## VI.

Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
 And the covenant-love of thy crucify'd son:  
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whispers divine  
 Seal mercy, and pardon, and righteousness *mine*.

## H Y M N CXCVII.

## I.

**T**HOU hidden love of *God*, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

## II.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with thee my heart to share?  
 Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The *Lord* of every motion there:  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it has found repose in thee!

## III.

O hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but *Christ* in me, may live!  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive:  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

O Love



## IV.

O Love ! thy sov'reign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;  
 Chace this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there :  
 Make me thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may *Abba, Father*, cry.

## V.

Each moment, draw from earth away  
 My heart that lowly waits thy call ;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 I am thy love, thy *God*, thy all !  
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
 To taste thy love, be all my choice !

## H Y M N CXCVIII.

*A Passion Hymn.*

## I.

**Y**E that pass by, behold the man !  
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you !  
 The *Lamb of God* for sinners slain,  
 Weeping to *Calvary* pursue.

## II.

See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns !  
 His bleeding hands extended wide !  
 His bleeding feet transfix'd and torn !  
 The fountain gushing from his side !

F f

Where

## III.

Where is the King of Glory now ?  
 The everlasting *Son* of *God* ?  
 Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow,  
 Th' Almighty faints beneath his load !

## IV.

Beneath *my* load he faints, he dies !  
 I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown,  
 I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,  
 I kill'd the *Father's* only *Son*.

## V.

O thou dear suffering *Son* of *God*,  
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !  
 Help me to feel thy precious blood,  
 Help me to taste thy dying love,

## H Y M N CXCIX.

*Make me a clean heart, O God. Psal. li. 10.*

## I.

O For an heart to praise my *God* !  
 An heart from sin set free !  
 An heart that always feels thy blood,  
 So freely spilt for me !

## II,

An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My dear *Redeemer's* throne,  
 Where only *Christ* is heard to speak,  
 Where *Jesus* reigns alone :

An

III.

An humble, broken, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.

IV.

An heart in every thought renew'd ;  
And fill'd with love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, *Lord*, of thine.

V.

Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human woe !  
*Jesu*, for thee distressed I am ;  
I want thy love to know.

VI.

Thy nature, gracious *Lord*, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of *love*.

H Y M N CC.

*The Resignation.*

I.

**A**ND wilt thou yet be found ?  
And may I still draw near ?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

*Jesu,*

*Jesu*, thine aid afford,  
 If still the same thou art :  
 To thee I look, to thee, my *Lord*,  
 Lift up an helpless heart.

## II.

To rescue me from woe,  
 Thou didst with all things part,  
 Didst lead a suffering life below,  
 To gain my worthless heart ;  
 My worthless heart to gain,  
 The *God* of all that breathe,  
 Was found in fashion as a man,  
 And died a cursed death.

## III.

And can I yet delay,  
 My little all to give !  
 To tear my soul from earth away,  
 For *Jesus* to receive ?  
 Nay, but I yield, I yield !  
 I can hold out no more ;  
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
 And own thee conqueror.

## IV.

Tho' late, I all forsake,  
 My friends, my all resign :  
 Gracious *Redeemer*, take, O take,  
 And seal me ever thine.

Come

Come and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove :  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

V.

My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know,  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.  
My life my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art ;  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter and keep my heart.

H Y M N CCL.

*The same.*

I.

O That my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit  
At *Jesu's* feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at *Jesu's* feet !

II.

When shall mine eyes behold the *Lamb*,  
The *God* of my salvation see ?  
Weary, O *Lord*, thou know'st I am ;  
Yet still I cannot come thee.

Rest



III.

Rest to my soul I long to find,  
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart:

IV.

Come Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay,  
Appear in my poor heart, appear,  
My God, my Saviour, come away !

H Y M N CCII.

*On the Crucifixion.*

I.

**B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,  
Nail'd to the shameful tree !  
How vast the love that him inclin'd,  
To bleed and die for thee !

II.

Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

III.

'Tis done : the precious ransom's paid ;  
" Receive my soul", he cries ;  
See where he bows his sacred head,  
He bows his head and dies !

But

## IV.

But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
 And in full glory shine;  
 O *Lamb* of *God*, was ever pain,  
 Was ever love like thine!

## H Y M N CCIII.

*To Christ our Righteousness.*

## I.

**S**TILL, O my soul, prolong  
 The never-ceasing song,  
*Christ* my theme, my hope, my joy;  
 His be all my happy days!  
 Praise my every hour employ,  
 Every breath be spent in praise!

## II.

His would I wholly be,  
 Who liv'd and died for me;  
 Grief was all his life below,  
 Pain, and poverty, and loss;  
 Mine the sins, that bruis'd him so,  
 Scourg'd, and nail'd him to the cross.

## III.

He bore the curse of all,  
 A spotless criminal;

Burden'd

Burden'd with a world of guilt,  
 Blacken'd with imputed sin,  
 Man to save, his blood he spilt,  
 Died to make the sinner clean.

## IV.

Join earth and heaven to bless  
 The *Lord* our righteousness;  
 Mystery of redemption this,  
 This the *Saviour's* strange design;  
 Man's offence was counted his,  
 Our's his righteousness divine,

## V.

In him complete we shine,  
 His life and death is mine:  
 Fully am I justified,  
 Free from sin and more than free;  
 Guiltless, since for me he died;  
 Righteous, since he liv'd for me.

## VI.

*Jesu*, to thee I bow,  
 Sav'd to the utmost now;  
 O the depth of love divine!  
 Who thy wisdom's store can tell?  
 Knowledge infinite is thine,  
 All thy ways unsearchable!

HYMN

## H Y M N CCIV.

*The true Use of Music.*

## I.

COME let us sing of *Jesu's* love,  
 This should with life inspire us,  
 This is the theme of those above,  
 This upon earth should fire us.  
 Say if your hearts are tun'd to sing,  
 Is there a subject greater?  
 Harmony all its strains may bring,  
*Jesus's* name is sweeter.

## II.

*Jesus* the soul of music is,  
 His is the noblest passion;  
*Jesus's* name is joy and peace,  
 Happiness and salvation:  
*Jesus's* name the dead can raise,  
 Shew us our sins forgiven;  
 Fill us with all the life of grace,  
 Carry us up to heaven.

## III.

Who hath a right like us to sing,  
 Us whom his mercy raises?  
 Merry our hearts, for *Christ* is King,  
 Cheerful be all our faces.

G g

Who

Who of his love doth once partake,  
 He evermore rejoices;  
 Melody in our hearts we make,  
 Melody with our voices.

## IV.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath,  
 He that in *God* is merry;  
 "Let him sing psalms," the Spirit saith,  
 Joyful and ne'er be weary:  
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
 Hearty and never ceasing,  
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise;  
 Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

## V.

Then let us in his praises join,  
 Triumph in his salvation;  
 Glory ascribe to love divine,  
 Worship and adoration:  
 Heaven already is begun,  
 Open'd in each believer:  
 Only believe, and still sing on,  
 Heaven is our's for ever.

## H Y M N CCV.

*Gospel Invitation.*

**L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
 And every heart rejoice,  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
 With an inviting voice.

Ho!



II.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind !

III.

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

IV.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.

V.

Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

VI.

Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin.

Come

## VII.

Come naked, and adorn your souls  
 In robes prepar'd by *God*,  
 Wrought by the labours of his son,  
 And dy'd in his own blood.

## VIII.

Dear *God*! the treasures of thy love,  
 Are everlasting mines,  
 Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
 And boundless as our sins!

## IX.

The happy gates of gospel-grace  
 Stand open night and day:  
*Lord* we are come to seek supplies,  
 And drive our wants away.

## H Y M N CCVI.

*Our own weakness, and Christ our strength*  
 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

## I.

**L**ET me but hear my *Saviour* say,  
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"  
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

## II.

I glory in infirmity,  
 That *Christ's* own power may rest on me;  
 When I am weak, then I am strong,  
 Grace is my shield, and *Christ* my song.

I can

## III.

I can do all things, or can bear  
 All sufferings if my *Lord* be there;  
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
 While his left hand my head sustains.

## IV.

But if the *Lord* be once withdrawn,  
 And we attempt the work alone,  
 When new temptations spring and rise,  
 We find how great our weakness is.

## V.

So *Sampson*, when his hair was lost,  
 Met the *Philistines* to his cost;  
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprize,  
 Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

## H Y M N CCVII.

*Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd.*

Solomon's Song i. 7.

## I.

**T**HOU whom my soul admires above  
 All earthly joy, and earthly love,  
 Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

## II.

Where is the Shadow of that Rock,  
 That from the sun defends thy flock?  
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why

## III.

Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

## IV.

The footsteps of thy flock I see;  
'Thy sweetest pastures here they be;  
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

## V.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood:  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
'Till my beloved lead me home.

## H Y M N CCVIII.

*The Traitor suing for Pardon.*

## I.

S AVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?  
Canst thou love a child of wrath?  
Can a hell-deserving creature  
Be the purchase of thy death?  
Is thy blood so efficacious,  
As to make my nature clean?  
Is thy sacrifice so precious  
As to free my soul from sin?

Sin

## II.

Sin on every hand furrounds me,  
 No acquittance can I hear?  
 Pangs of unbelief confound me,  
 Oh! my grief I cannot bear;  
 Here then is my resolution,  
 At thy dearest feet to fall;  
 Here I'll meet with condemnation,  
 Or a freedom from my thrall.

## III.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,  
 If thou canst, to wretched me;  
 Lay aside thy love and pity,  
 If thou canst, and let me die;  
 If I meet with condemnation,  
 Justly I deserve the same;  
 If I meet with free salvation,  
 I will magnify thy name.

## H Y M N CCIX.

## I.

**T**HOU *Shepherd* of *Isr'el* divine,  
 The joy of the upright in heart,  
 For closer communion they pine,  
 Still, still to reside where thou art;  
 The pasture, Oh! when shall we find,  
 Where all, who their *Shepherd* obey,  
 Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,  
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah!!



## II.

Ah! shew us that happiest place,  
 That place of thy people's abode,  
 Where faints in an extasy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucify'd *God!*  
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,  
 Thy passion and death on the tree,  
 Our Spirits to *Calvary* bear  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

## III.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only we'd covet to rest,  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast;  
 'Tis there we would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart;  
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

## H Y M N CCX.

*For the Nativity.*

## I.

**L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,  
 Salute the happy morn;  
 Each heavenly pow'r  
 Proclaims the glad hour,  
 Lo *Jesus* the *Saviour* is born!

All

II.

All glory be to *God* on high !  
To him all praise is due ;  
The promise is seal'd,  
The *Saviour's* reveal'd,  
And proves that the record is true.

III.

Let joy around like rivers flow,  
Flow on, and still increase ;  
Spread o'er the glad earth  
At *Jesus* his birth,  
For heaven and earth are at peace.

IV.

Now the good-will of heav'n is shewn  
Tow'rds *Adam's* helpless race ;  
*Messiah* is come  
To ransom his own,  
To save them by infinite grace.

V.

Then let us join the heav'ns above  
Where hymning seraphs sing ;  
Join all the glad pow'rs,  
For their *Lord* is ours,  
Our *Prophet*, our *Priest*, and our *King*.

H Y M N CCXI.

*Invitation of Sinners to Christ.*

I.

O For a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.

II.

My glorious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.

III.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

IV.

He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.

V.

He speaks! and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

Hear

## VI.

Hear him, ye deaf : his praise ye dumb,  
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your *Saviour* come,  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## VII.

Look unto him ye nations, own  
 Your *God*, ye fallen race ;  
 Look and be fav'd thro' faith alone,  
*He* justify'd by grace.

## H Y M N CCXII.

*I am determin'd to know nothing, save Jesus Christ,  
 and him crucified.*

## I.

**V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,  
 With all of creature good ;  
 Only *Jesus* I pursue,  
 Who bought me with his blood ;  
 All thy pleasures I forego,  
 I trample on thy wealth and pride,  
 Only *Jesus* will I know,  
 And *Jesus* crucified,

## II.

Other knowledge I disdain,  
 'Tis all but vanity :  
*Christ*, the *Lamb* of *God* was slain,  
 He tasted death for me :

Me

Me to save from endless woe,  
The sin-atoning victim died :  
Only *Jesus* will I know,  
And *Jesus* crucified.

III.

Turning to my rest again,  
The *Saviour* I adore.  
He relieves my grief and pain,  
And bids me weep no more :  
Rivers of salvation flow  
From his head, his hands, his side ;  
Only *Jesus* will I know,  
And *Jesus* crucified.

IV.

Here will I set up my rest,  
My fluctuating heart,  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart :  
Whither should a sinner go ?  
His wounds for me stand open wide :  
Only *Jesus* will I know,  
And *Jesus* crucified.

V.

Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end ;  
This is all my happiness  
On *Jesus* to depend :



Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide ;  
Only *Jesus* will I know,  
And *Jesus* crucified,

VI.

Him in all my works I seek,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
Only of his love I speak,  
Who freely died for me :  
While I sojourn here below,  
Of nothing will I think beside ;  
Only *Jesus* will I know,  
And *Jesus* crucified,

H Y M N CCXIII.

*And a Man shall be as a Hiding-Place, &c.*

Isaiah xxvii. 2.

I.

**T**O the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of man I fly ;  
Be my refuge, and my rest,  
For O the storm is high !  
Save me from the furious blast,  
A covert from the tempest be !  
Hide me, *Jesus*, 'till o'erpast  
The storm of life I see.

Welcome

## II.

Welcome as the water-spring  
 To a dry barren place,  
 O descend on me, and bring,  
 Thy sweet refreshing grace :  
 O'er a parch'd and weary land  
 As a great rock extends its shade,  
 Hide me, *Saviour*, with thine hand,  
 And screen my naked head.

## III

In the time of my distress  
 Thou hast my succour been,  
 In my utter helplessness  
 Restraining me from sin :  
 O how swiftly didst thou move,  
 To save me in the trying hour !  
 Still protect me with thy love,  
 And shield me with thy power.

## IV.

First and Last in me perform  
 The work thou hast begun :  
 Be my shelter from the storm,  
 My shadow from the sun :  
 Sprinkle still the mercy-feat :  
 And melt *Jehovah's* anger down ;  
 Screen me, *Jesu*, from the heat  
 And terror of his frown.

Let

## V.

Let thy merit as a cloud,  
 Still interpose between :  
 Plead the atonement of thy blood,  
 'Till I am cleans'd from sin :  
 Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,  
 'Till thou th' abiding *Spirit* breathe,  
 Every moment, *Lord*, I want  
 The merit of thy death.

## VI.

Never shall I want it less,  
 When thou the gift hast given,  
 Fill'd me with thy righteousness,  
 And seal'd the heir of heaven,  
 I shall hang upon my *God*,  
 'Till I thy perfect glory see,  
 'Till the sprinkling of thy blood  
 Hath spoke me up to thee.

## H Y M N CCXIV..

*A poor Sinner.*

## I.

*J*ESU, my strength, my hope,  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my pray'r,

Give:

Give me on thee to wait.  
 'Till I can all things do :  
 On thee almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.

## II.

I want an heart to pray,  
 To pray and never cease ;  
 Never to murmur at thy stay,  
 Or with my suff'rings less :  
 This blessing above all,  
 Always to pray I want,  
 Out of the deep on thee to call,  
 But never, never faint.

## III.

I want a true regard,  
 A single, steady aim,  
 (Unmov'd by threatning or reward)  
 To thee and thy great name ;  
 A jealous, just concern  
 For thine immortal praise,  
 A pure desire that all may learn,  
 And glorify thy grace.

## IV.

I want with all my heart,  
 Thy pleasure to fulfil ;  
 To know myself, and what thou art,  
 And what thy perfect will :

I want

I want I know not what,  
I want my wants to see ;  
I want--alas ! what want I not,  
When thou art not in me ?

H Y M N CCXV.

*At the parting of Christian Friends.*

I.

**B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
Which will not let us part :  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are join'd in heart.

II.

Join'd in one spirit to our head,  
Where he appoints we go,  
And still in *Jesu's* footsteps tread,  
And do his work below,

III.

O let us ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem  
But *Jesus* crucified.

IV.

Closer and closer let us cleave,  
To his belov'd embrace,  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.



## V.

While thus we walk with *Christ* in light,  
 What shall our souls disjoin?  
 Souls which himself vouchsafes t' unite  
 In fellowship divine.

## VI.

We all are one, who him receive,  
 And each with each agree;  
 In him, the way, the Truth we live,  
 Blest point of unity!

## VII.

Partakers of the *Saviour's* grace,  
 The same in mind and heart,  
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
 Nor life nor death can part.

## VIII.

But let us hasten to the day,  
 Which shall our flesh restore;  
 When death shall all be done away,  
 And bodies part no more.

## H Y M N CCXVI.

*The real and fancied Heaven.*

## I.

**F**AR above yon glorious ceiling  
 Of the azure vaulted sky,  
*Jesus* sits, his grace revealing  
 To the splendid troops on high.

Hests

II.

Hoſts ſeraphic, humbly bowing  
At his footſtool humbly fall,  
Saints and angels, all avowing  
*God in Chriſt, their All in All.*

III.

Could we leave our fooliſh dreaming  
Of a fancied heav'n below;  
And ſee *Jeſu's* glory beaming;  
How our ſouls would long to go!

H Y M N CCXVII.

*The Witneſs of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.*

I.

**W**HY ſhould the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, deſcend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

II.

Doeſt thou not dwell in all the faints,  
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?  
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,  
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

III.

Aſſure my conſcience of her part  
In the *Redeemer's* blood;  
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,  
That I am born of *God*.

Thou

IV.

Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come ;  
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

*Hope in the Covenant.* Heb. vi. 17—19.

I.

**H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my *God?*  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And *Jesus* seals it with his blood.

II.

The oath and promise of the *Lord*,  
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;  
Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

III.

Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

IV.

The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging *God*  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXIX.

*Character of the Children of God, from several  
Scriptures.*

I.

**A**S new-born babes desire the breast  
To feed, and grow, and thrive;  
So faints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.

II.

With inward joy their heart approves,  
All that the Word relates;  
They love the men their Father loves,  
And hate the works he hates.

III.

Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth,  
Can make them slaves to lust;  
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,  
Nor grovel in the dust,

IV.

Not all the chains that tyrants use,  
Shall bind their souls to vice;  
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce  
A thousand victories.

V.

Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of *God* to sin.

Not

## VI.

Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform his will ;  
But, with the noblest pow'rs they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.

## VII.

They find access at ev'ry hour  
To *God* within the veil ;  
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And joys that never fail.

## VIII.

O happy souls! O glorious state  
Of over-flowing grace !  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face !

## H Y M N CCXX.

*Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her  
Company.* Sol. Song ii. 8—13.

## I.

THE voice of my Beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;  
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

## II.

Now, thro' the veil of flesh I see,  
With eyes of love he looks at me ;  
Now in the gospel's clearest glass,  
He shews the beauties of his face.

Gently



## III.

Gently he draws my heart along,  
 Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
 "Rise, faith my *Lord*, make haste away,  
 "No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

## IV.

"The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,  
 "The mists are fled, the spring comes on,  
 "The sacred turtle dove we hear  
 "Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

## V.

"Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root  
 "Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."  
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine;  
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

## VI.

And when we hear our *Jesus* say,  
 "Rise up my love, make haste away!"  
 Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,  
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

## H Y M N CCXXI.

*The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the  
 Church. Sol. Song iii. 11.*

## I.

**D**Aughters of *Sion*, come, behold  
 The crown of honor and of gold,  
 Which the glad church with joys unknown,  
 Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.

*Jesus,*

II.

*Jesus*, thou everlasting king,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.

III.

Let ev'ry act of worship be  
Like our espousals, *Lord*, to thee;  
Like the dear hour when from above  
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

IV.

The gladness of that happy day!  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold;  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

V.

May each blest minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys!  
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,  
At the great supper of the *Lamb*.

VI.

O that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day!  
The King of grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXXII.

*Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.*

Heb. iv. 16. and Mat. xii. 20.

I.

WITH joy we meditate the grace,  
Of our High-Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

II.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what fore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same

III.

He in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh,  
What ev'ry member bears.

IV.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name,

V.

Then let our humble faith address,  
His mercy and his pow'r,  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
In the distressing hour.

K k

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXIII.

*The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ,*  
Sol. Song, iv. 1, 7.

I.

**K**IND is the speech of *Christ* our *Lord*,  
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;  
"Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries;  
"Bound to my heart by thousand ties."

II.

"Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,  
"I will behold no spot in thee."  
What mighty wonders love performs,  
That puts a comeliness on worms!

III.

Defil'd and loathsome as we are,  
He makes us white, and calls us fair;  
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,  
His own unspotted righteousness.

H Y M N CCXXIII.

*The Names and Titles of Christ, from several  
Scriptures.*

I.

**'T**IS from the treasures of his word,  
I borrow titles for my *Lord*;  
Nor art, nor nature, can supply  
Sufficient forms of majesty.

Bright

II.

Bright Image of the Father's face,  
Shining with undiminish'd rays;  
Th' eternal *God's* eternal *Son*,  
The Heir and Part'ner of his throne.

III.

The King of Kings, the *Lord* most high,  
Writes his own name upon his thigh:  
He wears a garment dipt in blood,  
And breaks the nations with his rod.

IV.

Where grace can neither melt nor move,  
The *Lamb* repents his injur'd love,  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

V.

But when for works of peace he comes,  
What winning titles he assumes!  
"Light of the World, and Life of Men;"  
Nor bears these characters in vain,

VI.

With tender pity in his heart,  
He acts the Mediator's part;  
A friend and brother he appears,  
And well fulfils the names he bears.

VII.

At length the Judge his throne ascends,  
Divides the rebels from his friends,  
And faints in full fruition prove,  
His rich variety of love.

HYMN



H Y M N CCXXIV.

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

I.

WHY do we mourn departed friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that *Jesus* sends  
To call them to his arms.

II.

Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Why shou'd we with the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love?

III.

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of *Jesus* lay,  
And left a long perfume.

IV.

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd ev'ry bed:  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

V.

Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And shew'd our feet the way:  
Up to the *Lord* our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising-day.

Then

VI.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations, under ground,  
Ye faints, ascend the skies.

H Y M N CCXXV.

*A Morning Song.*

I.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,  
To him that rolls the skies.

II.

Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

III.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

IV.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my fun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXVI.

*For the Lord's Day.*

I.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,  
That saw the *Lord* arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

II.

The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

III.

One day within the place,  
Where my dear *God* hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,  
Of pleasurable sin.

IV.

My willing soul would stay,  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit, and sing, herself away,  
To everlasting bliss.

H Y M N CCXXVII.

*The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

I.

O For a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our *Saviour* crown'd with light,  
Cloath'd in a body like our own.

Adoring

II.

Adoring faints around him stand,  
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;  
The *God* shines gracious thro' the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

III.

O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing!  
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King!

IV.

When shall the day, dear *Lord*, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

*Redemption by Price and Power.*

I.

*J*ESUS, with all thy faints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.

II.

Bles'd be the *Lamb*, my suff'ring *Lord*,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,  
In his own vital blood. The

III.

The *Lamb* that freed my captive soul,  
From Satan's heavy chains;  
And made my wounded conscience whole,  
And wash'd out all its stains !

IV.

All glory to the dying *Lamb*,  
And never-ceasing praise !  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or faints to feel his grace.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

*Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.*

I.

NOW to the *Lord* a noble song !  
Awake, my soul ; awake my tongue :  
*Hosanna* to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

II.

See where it shines in *Jesu's* face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
*God's* pow'r and wisdom, in his *Son*,  
Have all creation's works outshone.

III.

The spacious earth, and spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful *God*,  
And thy rich glories from afar,  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

But



## IV.

Saints in his looks a glory trace,  
The perfect image of thy face ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
Exceeds the splendor of the skies.

## V.

Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at *Jesus*' name !  
Ye angels dwell upon the sound ;  
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground !

## VI.

Oh, may I live to reach the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold !

## H Y M N CCXXX.

*Love to the Creatures dangerous.*

## I.

**H**OW vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too ;  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

## II.

The brightest things below the sky,  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.

L 1

Our

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for *God*!

III.

The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense;  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.

IV.

Dear *Saviour*, let thy beauties be  
Our soul's eternal food;  
And grace command our hearts away,  
From all created good.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

*The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

I.

O H, the delights, the heav'nly joys!  
The glories of the place!  
Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest beams,  
Of his o'erflowing grace!

II.

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,  
Sit smiling on his brow;  
And all the glorious ranks above,  
At humble distance bow.

Princes

III.

Princes to his imperial name,  
Bend their bright sceptres down ;  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice,  
To see him wear the crown.

IV.

Archangels sound his loftiest praise,  
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,  
And lay their highest honors down  
Submissive at his feet.

V.

Those soft, those blessed feet of his,  
That once rude iron tore,  
High on a throne of light they stand ;  
And all the saints adore.

VI.

His head, the dear majestic head,  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around !

VII.

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,  
Whom we unseen adore ;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXXXII.

*God all, and in all. Pſal. lxxiii. 25.*

I.

**M**<sup>Y</sup> *God*, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live, if thou remove,  
For thou art All in All.

II.

Thy ſhining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell:  
'Tis Paradife when thou art here;  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

III.

The ſmilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thy embrace,  
And no where elſe but there.

IV.

To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliſs;  
They ſit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where *Jeſus* is.

V.

Not all the harps above,  
Can make a heav'nly place,  
If *God* his reſidence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.

Nor

VI.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, *Lord*.

VII.

Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

VIII.

To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire:  
And yet, how far from thee I lie!  
Dear *Jesus*, raise me high'r.

H Y M N CCXXXIII.

*The same as the 148th Psalm.*

I.

THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes,  
Are light and majesty.  
His glories shine  
With beams so bright,  
No mortal eye  
Can bear the sight.

The



II.

The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe ;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law ;  
And where his love  
Resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms  
And seals his grace.

III.

Thro' all his ancient works  
Surprising wisdom shines,  
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
And breaks its curs'd designs :  
Strong is his arm,  
And shall fulfil  
His great decrees,  
His sov'reign will,

IV.

And can this mighty King  
Of Glory condescend ?  
And will he write his name,  
*My Father and my Friend ?*  
I love his name,  
I love his word !  
Join all my pow'rs,  
To praise the *Lord*.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXXIV.

*Jesus the Source of every Good.*

I.

**L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross:  
That alone be all our glory,

All things else are dung and dross.  
Thee we own a perfect *Saviour*,

Only source of all that's good:  
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour,  
Come to us thro' *Jesus's* blood!

II.

*Jesus* gives us true repentance,  
By his *Spirit* sent from heav'n,  
*Jesus* whispers this sweet sentence,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven:"

Faith he gives us to believe it;  
Grateful hearts his love to prize.  
Want we wisdom? he must give it,  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

III.

*Jesus* gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what he requires;  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what he commands, inspires.  
All our pray'rs, and all our praises,  
Rightly offer'd in his name;  
He that dictates them is *Jesus*,  
He that answers is the same.

When

## IV.

When we live on *Jesus's* merit,  
 Then we worship *God* aright :  
*Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,*  
 Then we savingly unite,  
 This the whole conclusion of it,  
 Great or good, whate'er we call ;  
*God, or King, or Priest or Prophet,*  
*Jesus Christ* is all in all.

## H Y M N CCXXXV.

## I.

**H**A I L, thou once despised *Jesus* !  
 Hail, thou *Galilean King* !  
 Who didst suffer to release us,  
 Who didst free salvation bring.  
 Hail, thou glorious *God* and *Saviour* !  
 Who hast borne our sin and shame,  
 By whose merits we find favour,  
 Life is given thro' thy name.

## II.

*Paschal Lamb*, by *God* appointed,  
 All our sins were on thee laid ;  
 By almighty *Love* anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.  
 Ev'ry sin may be forgiven  
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood ;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and *God*.

*Jesus*

III.

*Jesus*, hail, enthron'd in glory !

There for ever to abide :

All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,

Seated by thy Father's side ;

There for sinners thou art pleading,

" Spare them yet another year,"

Thou for saints art interceding,

'Till in glory they appear,

VI.

Worship, honour, power and blessing,

*Christ* is worthy to receive ;

Loudest praises without ceasing,

Meet it is for us to give.

Help ye bright angelic spirits,

Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,

Help to sing our *Jesu's* merits,

Help to chaunt *Emmanuel's* praise.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

*That ye may know that ye have eternal Life.*

1 John v. 23.

I.

**W**ITHOUT the presence of my *God*,  
Dead to the sense of pard'ning blood ;  
It cannot be my troubled mind  
Should any peace or comfort find.

M m

How

II.

How can my soul refuse to mourn,  
Until the *Comforter* return?  
How can my spirit be at rest,  
'Till *Christ* appear to make me blest?

III.

But tho' thou long thyself refrain,  
I'll wait, for other help is vain;  
For refuge where can sinners run,  
To whom, *O Lord*, but thee alone?

IV.

Thou, who for sinners once wast slain,  
Once dead, but now alive again;  
Give me to know, to taste, to prove,  
The power and sweetness of thy love.

V.

Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,  
And know myself an heir of heav'n;  
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood;  
And fill me with the love of *God*.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

*An Evening Hymn.* Cant. iii. 1.

I.

THE hour of sleep, my *God's* at hand,  
My spirit calls for rest;  
Oh that my pillow may be found,  
The dear *Redeemer's* breast!

This



II.

This night my longing soul with *Christ*,  
Would take up her abode;  
I would be happily divest,  
Of every thing but *God*.

III.

The nightly watches wou'd I spend,  
In fellowship above;  
And hold communion with my *Lord*,  
And feast upon his love.

IV.

Whilst in the hours of deep repose,  
My spirit seeks to fly;  
Where *Jesus* keeps his heav'nly feast,  
And banquet in the sky.

V.

When dead unto the world I am,  
I'd be alive to *God*,  
And rest my soul in his embrace,  
Who bought me with his blood.

VI.

O may I then of *Christ* this night,  
Be happily possess'd;  
Have angel-troops surround my bed,  
And *Jesus* for my guest!

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

*Christ knocking at the door of the heart. Rev. iii. 20.*

I.

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks, hath knock'd before.  
Hath waited long ; he's waiting still ;  
You'd treat no other friend so ill.

II.

Oh, lovely attitude ! he *stands* !  
With melting heart and loaded hands ;  
Oh matchless kindness ! and he shews  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

III.

But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
He will, the very friend you need ;  
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis he !  
With garments dy'd on *Calvary*.

IV.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine ;  
'That hateful, hell-born monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

V.

Admit him e'er his anger burn,  
His feet departed ne'er return ;  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Yet

## VI.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,  
 If *Jesus* comes, he comes to reign;  
 To reign, and with no partial sway;  
*Thoughts* must be slain that disobey.

## VII.

Sov'reign of souls, thou Prince of Peace,  
 Oh, may thy heav'nly reign increase!  
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
 And be thine empire all mankind;

## H Y M N CCXXXIX.

*God all-sufficient to save to the uttermost.*

## I.

**I**S any thing too hard for *God*?  
 What won't he for his children do?  
 Dear in his sight is *Jesu's* blood,  
 And dear the purchase of it too.

## II.

Our ev'ry want he will supply,  
 All difficulties can remove;  
 For us he gave his son to die,  
 And can he now forget to love?

## III.

Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,  
 Loathsome, polluted, and unclean;  
 Our *God* in *Christ* beholds us fair,  
 Spotless, and free from guilt and sin.

All

IV.

All things are possible with *God*,  
He's ready all things us to give ;  
Our souls condemn'd he sav'd with blood,  
And now he gives us to believe.

V.

What further dost thou want, my soul ?  
What strength, what holiness, what peace ?  
If thou art not of *Jesus* full,  
Behold he gives thee grace for grace.

VI.

Believe, and ask whate'er thou wilt,  
Believing, ask, thou shalt obtain ;  
For, lo ! *Immanuel*'s blood was spilt,  
Because thou should'st not ask in vain,

H Y M N CCXL.

*The Pilgrim.*

I.

**H**ENCE busy world with all thy care,  
With all thy shew of good or fair,  
Or beautiful or great ;  
Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,  
Nor dare t' approach my peaceful roof,  
Nor trouble my retreat.

II.

Far from thy mad fantastic ways,  
I here have found a lodging-place ;  
A poor way-faring man !

Calm

Calm as a hermit in his grot,  
I here enjoy my happy lot,  
And solid pleasure gain.

III.

Along the hills and dewy mead,  
In sweet forgetfulness I tread ;  
Or wander thro' the grove ;  
Like Adam in his native seat,  
In all his works my *God* I'd meet,  
The object of my love.

IV.

I see his beauty in the flower,  
'To shade my walks or deck my bower,  
His love and wisdom join ;  
Him in the feather'd choir I hear,  
And own while all my soul is ear,  
The music is divine.

V.

In yon unbounded space I see,  
A sketch of his immensity,  
Who spread those ample skies ;  
Whose presence makes that happy place,  
And opens in the wilderness,  
An earthly Paradise.

VI.

O would he now himself impart,  
And plant his Eden in my heart,  
The sense of sins forgiven ;  
How would I then throw off my load,  
And walk delightfully with *God*,  
And follow *Christ* to heaven !



H Y M N CCXLI.

*No abiding city upon Earth.*

I.

**L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all that travel to the sky ;  
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely ;  
On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

II.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place ;  
And hasten thro' the vale of woe,  
And restless to behold thy face ;  
Swift to our heav'nly country move,  
Our everlasting home above,

III.

We have no 'biding city here,  
But seek a country out of sight :  
Thither our steady course we steer ;  
Aspiring to the plains of light ;  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living *God*.

IV.

Patient th' appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind ;  
From strength to strength we travel on,  
The New Jerusalem to find ;

Our

Our labor this, our only aim,  
To find the New Jerufalem.

V.

Thro' thee, who all our fins haft borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With fongs to Sion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we fing.

VI.

Rais'd by the breath of Love divine,  
We urge our way with ftrengh renew'd:  
The church of the firft-born to join,  
We travel to the Mount of *God*:  
With joy upon our heads we rife,  
To meet our captain in the skies.

H Y M N CCXLII.

*Pardon brought to our Senses.*

I.

**L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!  
How heav'nly is the place,  
Where *Jesus* freads the facred feaft  
Of his redeeming Grace!

II.

There the rich bounties of our *God*,  
And sweetest glories fhine;  
There *Jesus* fays, that *I am his*,  
*And my Beloved's mine.*

N n

*Here,*

III.

*Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
And shews his wounded side)  
See here the Spring of all your Joys,  
That open'd when I dy'd!*

IV.

He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain :  
*All this, says he, I bore for thee,*  
And then he smiles again.

V.

What shall we pay our heav'nly *King*,  
For grace so vast as this ?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.

VI,

To him that wash'd us in his blood,  
Be everlasting praise,  
Salvation, honor, glory, pow'r,  
Eternal as his days.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

*For the New Year.*

I.

COME, let us anew,  
Our journey pursue,  
With vigor arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

Of

II.

Of heavenly birth,  
Tho' wand'ring on earth,  
This is not our place,  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

III.

At *Jesús's* call,  
We'd give up our all;  
And still we forego,  
For *Jesús's* sake, our enjoyments below:

IV.

No longing we find,  
For the country behind,  
But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above.

V.

A country of joy,  
Without any alloy,  
We thither repair,  
Our heart and our treasure already are there.

VI.

We march hand in hand,  
To *Immanuel's* land,  
No matter what cheer  
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near,

VII.

The rougher our way,  
The shorter our stay,  
The troubles that come,  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

VIII.

The fiercer the blast,  
The sooner 'tis past,  
The tempests that rise,  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

H Y M N CCXLIV.

*For the Lord's Day.*

I.

COME, let us join with one accord,  
In Hymns around the throne !  
This is the day our rising *Lord*  
Hath made and call'd his own.

II.

This is the day which *God* hath blest,  
The brightest of the seven ;  
Type of that everlasting rest,  
The saints enjoy in heaven.

III.

Then let us in his name sing on,  
And hasten to that day,  
When our *Redeemer* shall come down,  
And shadows pass away.

IV.

Not one but all our days below,  
Let us in Hymns employ ;  
And in our *Lord* rejoicing, go  
To his eternal joy.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCXLV.

*After a Relapse into Sin.*

I.

*J*ESU, to thee I now can fly,  
On whom my help is laid,  
Opprest by sins, I lift mine eye,  
And see the shadows fade.

II.

Soon as I find myself forlook,  
The grace again is given ;  
A sigh will reach thine heart, a look  
Will bring thee down from heaven.

III.

Believing on my *Lord*, I find  
A sure and present aid ;  
On thee alone my constant mind,  
Be every moment staid.

IV.

Whate'er in me seems wise or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim ;  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning *Lamb*.

V.

*Jesus*, my strength, my life, my rest,  
On thee will I depend,  
'Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,  
Where faith in sight shall end.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXLVI.

*A review of God's mercies.*

I.

WHEN all the mercies of my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost  
In wonder, love, and praise?

II.

Thy providence, my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

III.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.

IV.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before mine infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

V.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Thro'

VI.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

VII.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ :  
Nor is the least a chearful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

VIII.

Thro' every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The pleasing theme renew.

IX.

Thro' all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise ;  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N CCXLVII.

*The Lord's goodness traced.*

I.

**T**HEE *Jesus* alone  
The fountain I own  
Of my life and felicity here,  
And chearfully sing  
My *Redeemer* and *King*,  
'Till his sign in the heavens appear.

With

II.

With thanks I rejoice  
In the fatherly choice  
Of my state and condition below,  
If of parents I came,  
Who honor'd thy name,  
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

III.

I sing of thy grace  
From my earliest days,  
Ever near to allure and defend,  
Hitherto thou hast been  
My preserver from sin,  
And I know thou wilt save to the end.

IV.

Oh! the infinite cares,  
And temptations and snares,  
Thine hand hath conducted me through;  
Oh! the blessings bestow'd  
By a bountiful *God*,  
And the mercies eternally new!

V.

What a mercy is this,  
What an heaven of bliss!  
How unspeakable happy am I!  
Gather'd into the fold,  
With thy people enroll'd,  
With thy people to live and to die.

VI.

All honor and praise  
To the *Father* of grace,  
To the *Spirit* and *Son* I return ;  
The business pursue  
He hath call'd me to do,  
And rejoice that I ever was born.

VII.

My remnant of days  
I wou'd spend in his praise,  
Who died a lost world to redeem ;  
Be they many or few,  
My days are his due,  
And they all are devoted to him.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.

*Saints come out of great Tribulation. Rev. vii. 13.*

I.

WHO are those array'd in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest to th' eternal throne ?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
Foll'wers of their dying *God*.

II.

Out of great distress they came,  
Wash'd their robes, by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder *Lamb*,  
Blood that washes white as snow,

O o

Therefore



Therefore are they next the throne,  
 Serve their Maker day and night,  
*God* resides among his own,  
*God* doth in his saints delight.

## III.

More than conquerors at last,  
 Here they find their trials o'er,  
 They have all their sufferings past;  
 Hunger now and thirst no more;  
 No excessive heat they feel  
 From the sun's directed ray,  
 In a milder clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal day.

## IV.

He that on the throne doth reign,  
 Them the *Lamb* shall always feed,  
 With the tree of life sustain,  
 To the living fountains lead;  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove,  
 Wipe the tears from every face,  
 Fill up every Soul with love.

## H Y M N CCXLIX.

*The Church Victorious, tho' Afflicted.*

**H** E A D of thy church triumphant  
 We joyfully adore thee,  
 'Till thou appear,  
 Thy members here  
 Shall sing like those in glory,

We

We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud,  
And give to *God*  
The praise of our Salvation.

II.

While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise,  
Which knows our days,  
And ever brings us nigher,  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine Almighty favour ;  
The love divine,  
Which makes us thine,  
Shall keep us thine for ever.

III.

Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation,  
Nor will we fear  
While thou art near  
The fire of tribulation.  
The world with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes,  
In thee we shall  
Break thro' them all,  
And sing the song of *Moses*.

By

## IV.

By faith we see the glory,  
 To which thou shalt restore us,  
     The cross despise  
     For that high prize,  
 Which thou hast set before us.  
 And if thou count us worthy,  
 We each as dying *Stephen*,  
     Shall see thee stand  
     At *God's* right hand  
 To take us up to heaven.

## H Y M N CCL.

*The Pilgrim's Guide thro' the Wilderness.*

## I.

**G**UIDE me, O thou great *Jehovah*,  
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
     Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.  
 Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,  
     Feed me 'till I want no more.

## II.

Open now the crystal Fountain,  
 Whence the healing Streams do flow,  
 Let the fiery-cloudy Pillar,  
     Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,  
     Be thou still my Sun and Shield.

When

III.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fear subside;  
Bear me thro' its swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

H Y M N CCLI.

*On the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

I.

**R**EJOICE, my soul, behold the morn,  
On which the Prince of Life was born!  
*Messiah* leaves his *Father's* throne,  
The glorious *Lord* of all comes down!

II.

He comes! he comes! th' *Incarnate God*,  
Inshrines his glory in a clod!  
The angel hosts their *Lord* proclaim,  
And *Jesus* is the *Saviour's* name.

III.

He meekly stoops to visit earth,  
No honors solemnize his birth;  
No outward pomp the *God* displays,  
Nor glory decks the *Saviour's* face.

-Arise

## IV.

Arise my soul, and hail the day,  
Nor sleep the solemn hours away;  
With angel hosts, arise and sing,  
Hosanna ! to our new-born *King*,

## V.

Shout, all ye flaming hosts above,  
Let heaven resound with *Jesu's* love !  
In ceaseless Hallelujahs cry,  
" All glory be to *God* on high !"

## VI.

Glory to *God*, the great *Three-One* !  
The *Father*, *Spirit*, and the *Son* !  
Let earth and heav'n salute the morn,  
On which the *Prince* of life was born.

## H Y M N CCLII.

*The Christian Soldier's Uniform.*

## I.

**D**RESS uniform the soldiers wear,  
When duty calls abroad,  
Not purchas'd at their cost and care,  
But by the Prince bestow'd.

## II.

*Christ's* soldiers too, if *Christ-like* bred,  
Have regimental dress;  
'Tis linen white, and fac'd with red,  
'Tis *Christ's* own righteousness.

A rich



III.

A rich and fightly robe it is,  
And to the soldiers dear ;  
No rose can learn to blush like this,  
Nor lily look so fair.

IV.

No wit of man could weave this robe,  
'Tis of such texture fine !  
Nor could the wealth of all the globe,  
By purchase make it mine.

V.

The robe was wrought by *Jesu's* hand;  
And dy'd in his own blood !  
And all the cherubs gazing stand  
To view this robe of *God* !

VI.

This raiment never waxeth old,  
Nor spot thereon can fall ;  
It keeps a soldier brisk and bold,  
And dutiful withal.

VII.

'Tis of one piece and wove throughout,  
So curious wove, that none  
Can dress up in this seamless coat,  
'Till *Jesus* puts it on.

VIII.

Lord, gird me with this robe divine,  
For this will hide my shame,  
And make me sing, and make me fight,  
And bless my *Captain's* name.

H Y M N .

H Y M N CCLIII.

*The Christian joyful in his Almighty Friend.*

I.

**M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,  
When I begin to praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?  
Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore:  
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
That I may love thee more.

II.

My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road;  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see the Lord my God.  
How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King!  
My soul, redeem'd from death and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

III.

My tongue shall all the day proclaim,  
My Saviour and my God;  
His death hath brought my foes to shame,  
And drown'd them in his blood!  
Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,  
With this delightful song;  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long,

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLIV.

*Jesus seen of Angels.*

I.

**B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry globes,  
Far as th' eternal hills ;  
There in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our great *Redeemer dwells.*

II.

Legions of Angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine ;  
At his right hand with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.

III.

" Hail Prince ! (they cry) for ever hail !  
Whose unexampled love  
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,  
And royalties above."

IV.

Whilst he did condescend, on earth  
To suffer rude disdain ;  
They threw their honors at his feet,  
And waited in his train.

V.

Thro' all his travels here below,  
They did his steps attend :  
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd, where at last,  
This scene of love would end.

P p

They

VI.

They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,  
His crimson sweat and gore ;  
They saw him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.

VII.

They brought his chariot from above,  
To bear him to his throne ;  
Clapt their triumphant wings, and cry'd,  
" The glorious work is done !"

H Y M N CCLV.

*Heaven, the Believer's Home.*

I.

STRANGERS and sojourners below,  
We travel through this wilderness ;  
Seeking the promis'd rest to know  
In *Christ* the *Fountain* of true bliss ;  
We seek a place beyond the skies,  
An everlasting Paradise.

II,

In this pursuit we stand in need  
Of daily fresh supplies of grace,  
Our souls with manna *Christ* must feed,  
While we his leading footsteps trace :  
So shall each pilgrim gladly move  
Onward unto his home above.

## III.

No earthly bliss is worth our stay,  
 Or struggle for another breath ;  
 These comforts vanish and decay,  
 And yield no solid joy in death :  
 While others vain delights pursue,  
 We taste *God's* love for ever new.

## IV.

His Cross inflicts the deadly blow,  
 And crucifies each rebel sin ;  
 Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,  
 And cause sweet melody within :  
 Dependent on the *God* of pow'r,  
 We glory in a suff'ring hour.

## V.

The New *Jerusalem* appears,  
 Her citizens resplendent shine,  
 For *God* hath wip'd away her tears,  
 And fill'd them with the life divine :  
 With them we shall his glory see,  
 And praise Him thro' eternity.

## H Y M N CCLVI.

*The efficacy of the Blood of Jesus.*

## I.

**N**OTHING but thy blood, O *Jesus*,  
 Can relieve us from our smart ;  
 Nothing else from guilt release us ;  
 Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law



## II.

Law and terrors do but harden,  
 Shew us in ourselves undone;  
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

## III.

Teach us by thy patient *Spirit*,  
 How to mourn, and not despair;  
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,  
 Wrestle hard with *God* in pray'r.

## IV.

Whatsoever afflictions seize us,  
 Sanctify them by thy grace:  
 By thy pow'r defend us, *Jesus*,  
 'Till we rest in thine embrace.

## H Y M N CCLVII.

*He hath done all things well.* Mark vii. 37.

## I.

**N**OW in a song of grateful praise,  
 To my dear *Lord* my voice I'll raise,  
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
 My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

## II.

All worlds his glorious power confess,  
 His wisdom all his works express;  
 But, O his love! what tongue can tell!  
 My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

How

III,

How sov'reign, wonderful and free,  
Has been this love to sinful me !  
This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,  
My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

IV.

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws ;  
And yet he undertook my cause,  
To save me, tho' I did rebel ;  
My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

V.

And since my soul has known his love,  
What mercies has he made me prove,  
Mercies which do all praise excel,  
My *Jesus* hath done all things well,

VI.

Whene'er my *Saviour* and my *God*,  
Has on me laid his gentle rod ;  
I know in all that has befall,  
My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

VII.

Tho' many a fiery flaming dart,  
The tempter levels at my heart ;  
With this I all his rage repel,  
My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

VIII.

Sometimes my *Lord* his face doth hide,  
To make me pray, or kill my pride.  
Yet then it on my mind does dwell,  
My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

Soon

## IX.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;  
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

## X.

And when to that bright world I rise,  
 And join the anthems in the skies;  
 Above the rest, *this note* shall swell,  
 My *Jesus* hath done all things well.

## H Y M N CCLVIII.

*I know that my Redeemer liveth.* Job xix. 25.

## I.

**I** Know that my *Redeemer* lives,  
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
 He lives! he lives, who once was dead,  
 He lives, my ever-living Head,

## II.

He lives triumphant from the grave,  
 He lives eternally to save,  
 He lives all-glorious in the sky,  
 He lives exalted there on high.

## III.

He lives to bless me with his love,  
 He lives to plead for me above,  
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
 He lives to help in time of need.

He

IV.

He lives to grant me rich supply,  
He lives to guide me with his eye.  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

V.

He lives to crush the pow'rs of hell,  
He lives that he may in me dwell,  
He lives to heal, and make me whole,  
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

VI.

He lives to silence all my fears,  
He lives to stop, and wipe my tears,  
He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives all blessings to impart.

VII.

He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,  
He lives and loves me to the end.  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
He lives my *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

VIII.

He lives and grants me daily breath,  
He lives, and I shall conquer death.  
He lives my mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring me safely there.

IX.

He lives, all glory to his name,  
He lives my *Jesus* still the same ;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
" I know that my *Redeemer* lives."

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLIX.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

I.

**B**EGIN, ye faints, the happy song,  
Let love inspire the theme,  
'Tis *Jesus's* grace  
That calls for our praise,  
'Twas *Jesus* alone did redeem.

II.

When justice fix'd the sinner's fate,  
In endless woe to dwell,  
'Twas *Jesus* that stood,  
Resisting to blood,  
And ransom'd the sinner from hell.

III.

Our only *Advocate* and *Friend*,  
The mighty work he wrought ;  
When he bow'd his head,  
'Tis *finish'd*, he said ;  
O sinner, exult at the thought !

IV.

A spotless victim to the cross  
Himself he thus resign'd,  
Then enter'd the grave,  
The wretched to save,  
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo !



V.

Lo! now in bliss our cause he pleads,  
'Till we behold his face ;  
Unchangeable love  
To us he will prove,  
Eternal in mercy and grace.

VI,

Then let us lift our loudest praise  
To Sion's holy *King* ;  
He's worthy we own,  
Who sits on the throne ;  
Hosanna to *Jesus* we sing.

H Y M N CCLX.

*In Praise of Christ.*

I.

ANGELS, who the throne surround,  
Let your notes of praise abound ;  
Tune your golden harps and sing  
*Christ* our *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

II.

Let man's highly-favour'd race,  
Sing the wonders of his grace,  
May they, with angelic flame,  
Shout aloud *Emmanuel's* name !

III.

Heralds of the *King of kings*,  
Preach the peace, which *Jesus* brings ;

Q q

O extol

O extol th' incarnate *God*.  
Preach the merit of his blood.

IV.

Ye who know the joyful found,  
Who in *Christ* have pardon found,  
Bear the length'ning notes along,  
Join the universal song.

V.

*Jesu's* all-atoning death,  
Celebrate in ev'ry breath;  
Praise the saint's unspotted dress,  
*Christ's imputed Righteousness*.

VI.

Sing that free electing grace,  
Shining in *Emmanuel's* face;  
Which unchangeably the same,  
Fills with odors his dear name.

VII.

Praise your *Shepherd's* watchful care,  
Which prevents each dang'rous snare,  
Saves from sin from death and hell,  
Brings to joys unspeakable.

VIII.

Blest in *Christ* with gifts divine,  
O my soul the concert join!  
Pluck'd a brand from lowest hell,  
Thankful, O his goodness tell!

Praise

## IX.

Praise him all beneath on high,  
 All who dwell in earth and sky,  
 Spread his fame from shore to shore,  
 Bless him, praise him evermore !

## H Y M N CCLXI.

*The Soul's farewell to the World.*

## I.

**M**OUNT my soul to things above,  
 Speed thy flight from earthly love ;  
 Streams of bitterness and woe,  
 Thro' this thorny desert flow :  
 Here thy portion's to complain,  
 Weep o'er sin, and weep again,  
 Here thy faith like silver try'd,  
 Must the fi'ry test abide.

## II.

Yet exult in *Christ*, my soul,  
 He can all thy griefs controul,  
 He a sov'reign balm will find,  
 Healing to the wounded mind ;  
 Only trust the *Prince of Peace*,  
 Soon shall all thy sorrows cease,  
 Look to heav'n thy native home,  
 Wait 'till *Jesus* quickly come.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CCLXII.

*For the Evening.*

## I.

NOW the evening shades appear,  
 The season of repose,  
 I to *Jesus* will draw near,  
 To him my wants disclose;  
 Pardon, *Saviour*, with thy blood,  
 All my sins throughout the day;  
 Cleanse me in that purple flood,  
 And wash my guilt away.

## II.

As throughout the night I rest,  
 Love's mighty banner spread;  
 Let me on thy loving breast,  
 Recline my weary head:  
 Then, though in the midnight hour,  
 I the trumpet's voice should hear,  
 I shall wake to sleep no more,  
 And meet thee in the air.

## H Y M N CCLXIII.

*On the Death of a Believer.*

## I.

HARK! from heav'n a voice I hear!  
 Sweet it vibrates in mine ear,  
 Joyful news to mortals brings  
 From th' immortal *King of kings*.

"Blessed

II.

“Blessed are the dead who rest,  
On the dear *Redeemer's* breast;  
Peaceful in his arms they lie,  
Happy in their *Lord* they die!”

III.

Death an harbinger of peace,  
Brings to them a sweet release;  
Wash'd in *Christ's* atoning blood,  
Strait they mount, they fly to *God!*

IV.

Angels bear them on their wing,  
While the heav'nly convoy sing;  
“Welcome to the promis'd rest,  
Welcome to your *Saviour's* breast!”

V.

*Salem* ope's it's pearly gates,  
Where the *Mediator* waits,  
Waits to clasp them to his heart,  
Waits a kingdom to impart.

VI.

Now they walk the *golden street*,  
Where their once-lov'd friends they meet,  
Palms they all triumphant bear,  
Emblems of their vict'ry here.

VII.

Glorious as the sun they shine,  
Dek'd with garments all-divine,

Crowns



Crowns of gold their heads adorn,  
Brighter than the blushing morn.

VIII.

Now the storm's for ever o'er,  
Now they've gain'd the blissful shore,  
Where throughout the happy plains,  
Peace uninterrupted reigns.

IX.

Here the weary pilgrims rest,  
Here no sorrows heave their breast,  
Sin's for ever done away,  
Night is lost in endless day.

X.

Sav'd by *Jesu's* outstretch'd hand,  
They have reach'd the promis'd land;  
Where fair *Sharon's* blooming rose,  
Doth its fragrant sweets disclose.

XI.

There the *Shepherd* feeds his flock,  
Hides them in himself the *Rock*;  
Leads to living springs that rise,  
In the heav'nly Paradise.

XII.

More than conqu'rors thro' the *Lamb*,  
They his vict'ries now proclaim;  
Cast their crowns before the throne,  
Sav'd by rich free grace alone.

XIII.

Lost in wonder now they gaze,  
On the dear *Immanuel's* face ;  
While as ages roll along,  
*Jesus* still is all their song.

H Y M N CCLXIV.

*For Easter Sunday.*

I.

**A** GAIN the *Lord* of Life and light,  
Awakes the kindling ray ;  
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day,

II.

O what a night was that which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a *Sun* which broke this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud Hosannahs sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

IV.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join,  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings on its wings,  
To nations yet unborn.

*Jesus*

V.

*Jesus*, the friend of human-kind,  
With strong compassion mov'd,  
Descended like a pitying *God*,  
To save the souls he lov'd.

VI.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain,  
To bind his soul in death;  
He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.

P A R T II.

I.

**N**OT long the toils of hell could keep  
The hope of *Judah's* line;  
Corruption never cou'd take hold  
On aught so much divine.

II.

And now his conqu'ring chariot-wheels,  
Ascend the lofty skies:  
While broke beneath his pow'rful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

III.

Exalted high at *God's* right hand,  
And *Lord* of all below:  
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.

And

## IV.

And still for erring, guilty man,  
 A brother's pity flows;  
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd,  
 With mem'ry of our woes.

## V.

To thee my *Saviour*, and my *King*,  
 Glad homage let me give;  
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,  
 With thee that I may live.

## H Y M N CCLXV.

*For the Evening.*

## I.

**W**HAT tho' my frail eyelids refuse  
 Continual watching to keep,  
 And, punctual, as midnight renews,  
 Demand the refreshment of sleep;  
 A sov'reign Protector I have,  
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand:  
 Unchangeably faithful to save,  
 Almighty to rule and command.

## II.

From evil secure, and its dread,  
 I rest, if my *Saviour* is nigh;  
 And songs his kind presence indeed  
 Shall in the night-season supply:

R r

Hs

He smiles, and my comforts abound;  
His grace as the dew shall descend,  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.

III.

Kind Author and Ground of my hope,  
Thee, Thee for my *God* I avow;  
My glad *Ebenezer* set up,  
And own Thou hast help'd me 'till now:  
I muse on the years that are past,  
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd;  
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last,  
A sinner so signally lov'd,

IV.

Beneficent Hearer of pray'r,  
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,  
My all to thy covenant care  
I, sleeping and waking, resign:  
If thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And, fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

V.

Thy ministr'ring spirits descend,  
And watch while thy saints are asleep;  
By day and by night they attend,  
The heirs of salvation to keep:

Bright



Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,  
Fly swift to their stations assign'd ;  
And angels elect are sent down  
To guard the elect of mankind.

VI.

Thy worship no interval knows :  
Their fervour is still on the wing ;  
And, while they protect my repose,  
They chaunt to the praise of my *King* ;  
I, too, at the season ordain'd,  
Their chorus for ever shall join ;  
And love and adore without end,  
Their gracious Creator and mine.

H Y M N CCLXVI.

*Weary Sinners welcome to Christ.*

I.

COME ye weary souls oppress'd,  
Find in *Christ* the promis'd rest ;  
On him all your burdens roll,  
He can wound, and he make whole.

II.

Ye that dread the wrath of *God*,  
Come and wash in *Jesu's* blood,  
To the son of *David* cry,  
In his word he's passing by.

Naked,

III.

Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,  
All you want in *Jesus* find;  
This the day of mercy is,  
Now accept the profer'd blifs.

IV.

Debtors, who have nought to pay,  
Haste to *Jesus*, haste away;  
All your sins on him were laid,  
All your debts the surety paid.

V.

*It is finish'd*, lo he cries,  
Ere on yonder cross he dies;  
O believe the record true,  
*Jesus* dy'd for such as you.

H Y M N CCLXVII.

*Thy Backslidings shall reprove thee, Jer. ii. 19.*

I.

*JESU!* let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wand'ring sheep:  
False to thee, like *Peter*, I

Wou'd fain like *Peter* weep:  
Let me be by grace restor'd,  
On me be all long-suff'ring shewn,  
Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,  
And break my heart of stone!

*Saviour!*

## II.

*Saviour ! Prince !* enthron'd above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart :  
 Give, what I have long implor'd,  
 A portion of thy love unknown—  
 Turn and look, &c.

## III,

See me, *Saviour*, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die,  
 Life, and happiness, and love,  
 Drop from thy gracious eye :  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let thy mercy melt me down—  
 Turn and look, &c.

## IV.

Look, as when thy grace beheld  
 The harlot in distress,  
 Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,  
 And bad her go in peace :  
 Foul, like her, and self-abhor'd,  
 I at thy feet for mercy groan—  
 Turn and look, &c.

## V.

Look, as when condemn'd for them,  
 Thou didst thy foll'wers see,  
 "Daughters of *Jerusalem*  
 "Weep for yourselves—not me :"

Am

Am I by my *God* deplor'd !  
And shall I not myself bemoan—  
Turn and look, &c.

VI.

Look, as when thy languid eye  
Was clos'd, that we might live ;  
“ *Father !* (at the point to die  
My *Saviour* gasp'd) forgive !”  
Surely with that dying word,  
He turns and looks, and cries, ‘*Tis done—*  
O my bleeding—loving *Lord !*  
Thou break’st my heart of stone !

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

*Public Thanksgiving.*

I.

**S**HOUT to the *Lord*, and let our joys  
Thro’ the whole nation run ;  
Ye British skies, resound the noise  
Beyond the rising sun.

II.

Thee, mighty *God*, our souls admire,  
Thee our glad voices sing,  
And join with the celestial Choir  
To praise th’ eternal *King*.

Thy

## III.

Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,  
 And on the starry skies,  
 Sits smiling at the weak designs  
 Thine envious foes devise.

## IV.

Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,  
 And with an awful frown,  
 Flings vast confusion on their plots,  
 And shakes their *Babel* down.

## V.

Almighty grace defends our land,  
 From their malicious pow'r;  
 Let *Britain* with united songs  
 Almighty *Grace* adore.

## H Y M N CCLXIX.

*Longing after a Sense of the Love of God.*

## I.

O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!  
 When shall I find my longing heart  
 All taken up by Thee?  
 O make me pant and thirst to prove  
 The greatness of *Redeeming Love*,  
 The Love of *Christ* to me.

## II.

*God* only knows the love of *God*,—  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In each poor stony heart!

For



For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,  
 This only portion, *Lord*, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part !

## III.

O that we could for ever sit,  
 With *Mary* at the *Master's* feet,  
 Be this our happy choice !  
 Our only care, delight, and blifs,  
 Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,  
 To hear the *Bridegroom's* voice,

## IV.

Thy only *Love* may we require,  
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
 Nothing in heav'n above ;  
 Let earth and all its trifles go,  
 Give us, O *Lord*, thy love to know,  
 Give us thy precious *Love* !

## H Y M N CCLXX.

*An Act of Faith.* Hab. iii. 17, &c.

## I.

**A**WAY my unbelieving fear !  
 Fear shall in me no more take place !  
 My *Saviour* doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the brightness of his face :  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield ?—  
 No—in the strength of *Jesus* no—  
 I never will give up my shield.

Altho'

II.

Altho' the vine its fruit deny,  
Altho' the olive yield no oil,  
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,  
The field illude the tiller's toil,  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race,  
Yet will I triumph in the *Lord*,  
The *God* of my Salvation praise.

III.

Barren altho' my soul remain,  
And no one bud of grace appear,  
No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin and only sin is here ;  
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
Yet will I in my *Saviour* trust,  
And glory that he dy'd for me.

IV.

In hope, believing against hope,  
*Jesus*, my *Lord* and *God* I claim,  
*Jesus* my strength shall lift me up,  
Salvation is in *Jesu's* name :  
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,  
My soul shall then out-strip the wind,  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CCLXXI.

*Affurance of Faith.*

I.

**A** Debtor to Mercy alone,  
Of *Covenant-Mercy* I sing;  
Nor fear with thy *Righteousness* on  
My person and off'rings to bring.  
The terrors of Law and of *God*,  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My *Saviour's* obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.

II.

The work which his goodness began  
The arm of his strength will complete,  
His promise is *Yea* and *Amen*  
And never was forfeited yet.  
Things future, or things that are now  
Not all things below or above  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.

III.

My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity shall not erase;  
Imprest on his heart it remains  
In marks of indelible grace.  
Yes, I to the end shall endure  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure  
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXII.

*Is there no Balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?*

Jer. viii. 22.

I.

*J*ESU, display thy healing art,  
Thro' my diseased, guilty heart;  
Transform my darkness into day,  
And chase my doubts and fears away.

II.

Weary beneath the pond'rous load,  
Of countless sins, I fly to *God*;  
To him, who perfect *God* and man,  
The arduous race of suff'rings ran.

III.

Naked, *Christ's* righteousness I crave,  
From sin and wrath divine to save,  
My works, strength, wisdom, I disclaim,  
To shelter in the bleeding *Lamb*.

IV.

*Jesu*, thy faithfulness I plead,  
Wherein my solid peace is laid;  
Thy promises and oath fulfil,  
And bid my troubled heart *be still*.

V.

It shall suffice, if thou, my *Lord*,  
Seal on my heart thy quick'ning word,  
All things in *Jesus* then are giv'n,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n!

*Gilead's*

## VI.

*Gilead's Physician*, and its *Balm*  
 Shall heal my wounds, my sorrows calm;  
 Shall tune my heart and voice to sing  
 Eternal praise to *Zion's King*.

## H Y M N CCLXXIII.

*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy  
 Name give the Praise. Psal. cxv. 1.*

## I.

**G**LORY to our gracious *Donor*,  
 For his mercies ever new!  
 His alone be all the honor!  
 Nothing we confess our due.  
 O the ceaseless blessings flowing,  
 From his grace's boundless store!  
 May our thankful hearts be glowing,  
 With his love still more and more!

## II.

His kind hand hath oft' afforded,  
 To our wants a rich supply;  
 We are ev'ry day supported,  
 By his providential eye:  
 May we *Lord*, (as some requital)  
 Thankful hearts to *Jesus* raise!  
 In his wond'rous love's recital  
 Spend our few remaining days!

Thou



## III.

Thou an hunger hast created  
 In our hearts for *living Bread* ;  
 May it never be abated,  
 'Till our precious souls are fed !  
 Open, *Lord*, the *Ark*, where hidden,  
*Jesus* our *true Manna* lies,  
 Are not hungry spirits bidden,  
 To that feast of *Paradise* ?

## IV.

O thou *Friend* of sinners, pity  
 Thirsty travellers, who go  
 To an unseen distant city,  
 Thro' a parched vale below !  
 O supply each fainting spirit  
 With the streams of purest love,  
 'Till our *Canaan* we inherit,  
 In thy fulness lost above !

## H Y M N CCLXXIV.

*Thanksgivings to God for the unspeakable gift.*

## I.

IN *Jesus's* name, and fellowship sweet,  
 His love to proclaim, together we meet ;  
 O may our thanksgivings, like incense arise,  
 Thro *Jesus* a living, and pure sacrifice !

## II.

Whilst angels abound in praise to the *Son*,  
 The heavens resound with what he hath done ;  
 Their

Their voices we'd echo, and lisp out his name,  
Exulting in *Shiloh*, for ever the same !

III.

How vast was that love, which pitied our state,  
And sent from above a *Saviour* so great !  
The *Father's* rich treasure, O may we receive !  
And share in the pleasure of all who believe !

IV.

In *Jesus's* face the *Godhead* appears,  
And fulness of grace to banish our fears ;  
He finish'd Salvation, the work he hath done ;  
Let all the creation shout praise to the *Son* !

V.

What, *Lord*, shall we give for mercy so great ?  
Devoted we'll live, thy praise to repeat ;  
To *Jesus* united, the world we despise,  
By love we're excited to grasp for the skies.

VI.

But, helpless and weak, our strength we disclaim,  
For *Jesus's* sake, O pity our frame,  
Our *Sun* to enlighten, our *Shield* to defend ;  
*Lord*, comfort and strengthen, and save to the end.

H Y M N CCLXXV.

*The Praises of Jesus constitute the Happiness of  
Earth and Heaven.*

THE pleasure how sweet,  
Our *Jesus* to greet  
With praise, and his wonderful love to repeat !

Below

II.

Below while we sing,  
Of *Jesus* our *King*,  
The heav'ns their tribute of harmony bring.

III.

The cherubic host,  
In astonishment lost,  
Contemplate the price our redemption hath cost :

IV.

Admiring the grace,  
Confer'd on our race,  
With delight on the myst'ry enraptur'd they gaze.

V.

And, O shall not we,  
With angels agree,  
To bless that dear *Saviour* who hung on the tree?

VI.

Yes, happy we'll praise,  
And in gratitude raise,  
Our hearts, and our voices to th' *Ancient of days*.

VII.

When seated among  
The heavenly throng,  
The presence of *Jesu* shall perfect our song

VIII.

His love we'll proclaim,  
Exalt his great name,  
And shout thro' eternity, *Worthy the Lamb*.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

*Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings hast thou  
ordained Strength. Psal. viii. 2.*

I.

*J*ESU, once a little child,  
Gracious, pitiful and mild,  
Take me to thy loving breast,  
Let a child in thee find rest.

II.

Lo, I come with all my sin,  
Save me from its pow'r within;  
Cleanse my conscience from its guilt,  
With the blood on *Cal'ry* spilt.

III.

Give me, *Lamb of God*, to see  
Grace and happiness in thee;  
May I view thy lovely face,  
Full of glory, full of grace!

IV.

Shepherd of thy little flock,  
Hide me in thyself, the *Rock*;  
Let me in thine arms abide,  
Keep me near thy bleeding side.

V.

O how faithless is my heart,  
Prone from *Jesus* to depart!  
O confirm it in thy love,  
Draw it, *Lord*, to things above!

Let

## VI.

Let me feel an inward heav'n,  
 In the sense of sin forgiv'n,  
 Grant me that sweet peace and joy,  
 Which the world can ne'er destroy.

## SECOND PART.

## I.

TEACH me, *Saviour*, when I pray,  
 How to ask, and what to say;  
 May I at the throne of grace,  
 Often see thy smiling face.

## II.

Thou who perfectest thy praise,  
 In the children's humble lays,  
 Teach my infant tongue to sing,  
 Praise to thee my *God* and *King*!

## III.

Save me, *Lord*, from ev'ry snare,  
 Each tormenting thought and care;  
 Fold me in thy gracious arms,  
 Happy, safe from sin's alarms.

## IV.

While in this dark vale I stray,  
 Guide me with thy heav'nly ray;  
 By thy *Spirit* and thy word,  
 Light, and life and joy afford.

T t

If



## V.

If thou lengthen out my days,  
 May I live to thy great praise!  
 Or if soon my race be run,  
*Lord*, thy gracious will be done.

## VI.

At the trump's last awful sound,  
 May I of thy flock be found;  
 Join with angels to adore  
*Christ* the *Lord* for evermore!

## H Y M N CCLXXVII.

*At the Coming of a Minister.*

## I.

**W**elcome, welcome, blessed servant,  
 Messenger of *Jesu's* grace!  
 O how beautiful the feet of  
 Him that brings good news of peace.  
 Welcome herald, welcome herald, &c.  
 Priest of *God*, thy people's joy.

## II.

Saviour, bless his message to us,  
 Give us hearts to hear the sound  
 Of redemption dearly purchas'd,  
 By thy death and precious wounds;  
 O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.  
 To our poor and helpless souls.

Give

III.

Give reward of grace and glory  
To thy faithful labourer dear,  
Let the incense of our hearts be  
Offer'd up in faith and pray'r ;  
Bless, O bless him ; bless, O bless him, &c.  
Now, henceforth for evermore.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

D I S M I S S I O N.

I.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing :  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in *Redeeming Grace*.  
O refresh us, O refresh us, &c.  
In this dry and barren place.

II.

*Thanks* we give and *Adoration*,  
For thy *Gospel's* joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation,  
In our *Hearts* and *Lives* abound,  
Ever faithful, &c.  
To the truth may we be found.

III.

So whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey ;  
May we ever, &c.  
Reign with *Christ* in endless day.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXIX.

*I am the God of Abraham.*

I.

**T**HE *God of Abrah'm* praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And *God of Love* ;  
*Jehovah, Great I Am !*  
By earth and heav'n confest :  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever bless'd.

II.

The *God of Abrah'm* praise,  
At whose supreme command,  
From earth I'd rise—and seek the joys  
At thy right hand :  
I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame and pow'r ;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

III.

The *God of Abrah'm* praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace,  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all his ways ;  
He calls a worm his friend !  
He calls himself my *God* !  
And he shall save me to the end,  
Thro' *Jesu's* blood.

He

## IV.

He by himself hath sworn,  
 I on his oath depend,  
 I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,  
     To heav'n ascend.  
 I shall behold his face,  
 I shall his power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of his grace  
     For evermore.

## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

**T**HO' nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
     At his command.  
 The wat'ry deep I pass,  
 With *Jesus* in my view;  
 And thro' the howling wilderness  
     My way pursue.

## II.

The goodly land I see,  
 With peace and plenty blest'd;  
 A land of sacred liberty,  
     And endless rest:  
 There milk and honey flow,  
 And oil and wine abound;  
 And trees of life for ever grow,  
     With mercy crown'd.

There

## III.

There dwells the *Lord* our *King*,  
 The *Lord* our *Righteousness*,  
 (Triumphant o'er the world and sin)  
 The *Prince of Peace* ;  
 On Sion's sacred height  
 His kingdom still maintains ;  
 And glorious with the saints in light  
 For ever reigns.

## IV.

He keeps his own secure,  
 He guards them by his side,  
 Arrays in garments white and pure  
 His spotless bride :  
 With streams of sacred bliss,  
 With groves of living joys,  
 With all the fruits of Paradise,  
 He still supplies.

## PART THE THIRD.

## I.

**B**EFORE the great *Three-One*  
 The saints exulting stand ;  
 And tell the wonders he hath done,  
 Thro' all their land :  
 The list'ning spheres attend,  
 And swell the growing fame ;  
 And sing in songs which never end,  
 The wond'rous *Name*.



II.

The *God* who reigns on high  
The great arch-angels sing,  
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
    "*Almighty King!*  
    "*Who was, and is, the same;*  
    "*And evermore shall be;*  
    "*Jehovah—Father—Great I am!*  
    "*We worship Thee.*"

III.

Before the *Saviour's* face,  
The ransom'd nations bow.  
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,  
    For ever new :  
    He shews his prints of love—  
    They kindle to a flame !  
And sound, thro' all the worlds above,  
    The slaughter'd *Lamb*.

IV.

The whole triumphant host,  
Give thanks to *God* on high ;  
Hail *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,*  
    They ever cry :  
    Hail *Abraham's God—and mine !*  
    (I join the heav'nly lays.)  
All might and majesty be thine,  
    And endless praise.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCLXXX.

*The new Heart and tender Conscience.*

## I.

**A**lmighty God, of truth and love !  
 In me thy pow'r exert,  
 The mountain from my soul remove,  
 The hardness of my heart :  
 My most obdurate heart subdue,  
 In honor to thy Son,  
 And now the gracious wonder shew,  
 And take away the stone.

## II.

I want a principle within  
 Of jealous godly fear ;  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near :  
 I want the first approach to feel  
 Of pride or vain desire,  
 To catch the wand'rings of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.

## III.

From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve !  
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience give :  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God ! my conscience make,  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake !

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXXI.

*The Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year,*  
Psal. cxlvii.

I.

**P**RAISE ye the *Lord*, with loud acclaim,  
Exalt the honors of his name !  
'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,  
And praise is lovely in his sight.

II.

He speaks ! and swiftly from the skies  
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies ;  
Observant nature hears his word,  
And bows obedient to her *Lord*.

III.

Now thick descending flakes of snow,  
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;  
Now glittering frost, o'er all the plains,  
Extends its universal chains.

IV.

At his fierce storms of icy hail,  
The shivering powers of nature fail ;  
Before his cold, what life can stand,  
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand ?

V.

He speaks ! The ice and snow obey,  
And nature's fetters melt away ;  
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,  
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

U u

But

## VI.

But nobler works his grace record,  
 To Israel he reveals his Word ;  
 To Jacob's happy sons, alone,  
 He makes his sacred precepts known.

## VII.

Such bliss no other nation shares,  
 The laws of heaven are only theirs ;  
 Ye favor'd tribes, your voices raise,  
 And bless your *God* in songs of praise.

## H Y M N CCLXXXII.

*Thunder and Lightning.* Psal. xxix.

## I.

**S**ING, ye sons of might, O sing,  
 Praise to heaven's eternal *King* ;  
 Power and strength to him assign,  
 Bow before his hallow'd shrine !

## II.

Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;—  
 Hush'd to silence while he speaks,  
 Ocean's waves, from pole to pole,  
 Hear the awful accents roll.

## III.

See, as louder yet they rise,  
 Echoing through the vaulted skies ;  
 See up-rooted from its seat,  
*Lebanon* itself retreat !

IV.

How the bursting clouds give way,  
How the vivid lightnings play !  
Now the wilds by man untrod,  
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching *God*.

V.

Prostrate on the sacred floor,  
Bow ye faints, his name adore :  
While his acts, to every tongue,  
Yield a theme for copious song.

VI.

He the swelling surge commands,  
Fix'd his throne for ever stands ;  
He his people shall increase,  
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

*The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.*

I.

**F**ATHER of mercies, in thy Word  
What endless glory shines ?  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.

II.

Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

Here



III,

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a rich repast,  
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.

IV.

Here, the *Redeemer's* welcome voice,  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound !

V.

O may these heavenly pages be,  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

VI.

Divine *Instructor*, gracious *Lord*,  
Be thou for ever near,  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my *Saviour* there.

H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

*The Advent of Christ.*

I.

**H**ARK, the glad sound ! the *Saviour* comes,  
The *Saviour* promis'd long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

II,

On him, the *Spirit*, largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love  
His holy breast inspire,

III.

He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

IV.

He comes from thickest films of vice,  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.

V.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.

VI.

Our glad *Hosannas*, *Prince of Peace*,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring,  
With thy beloved name.

C H O R U S.

Glory, honor, praise and power,  
Be unto the *Lamb* for ever,  
*Jesus Christ* is our *Redeemer*,  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Praise the Lord.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXXXV.

*The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth his handy Work. Psal. xix.*

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue etherial sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great *Original* proclaim :

II.

Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
Doth his *Creator's* power display,  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :

IV.

Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

## VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 "The Hand that made us is Divine."

## H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

*Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.*

## I.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to the ear!  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

## II.

Grace first contriv'd a way,  
 To save rebellious man,  
 And all the steps that grace display,  
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

## III.

Grace taught my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

## IV.

Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

*Christ the Physician of Souls. Jer. viii. 22.*

I.

**D**EEP are the wounds which sin hath made,  
Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,  
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

II.

And can no sovereign *Balm* be found?  
And is no kind *Physician* nigh  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
E'er life and hope for ever fly?

III.

There is a great *Physician* near,  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give!

IV.

See, in the *Saviour's* precious blood  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!  
'Tis only this dear sacred flood,  
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

V.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
For here a sov'reign cure is found;  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for every painful wound.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

*The Vanity of worldly Schemes. James iv. 13, 15.*

I.

**T**O-Morrow, *Lord*, is thine,  
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand ;  
And, if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

II.

The present moment flies,  
And bears our lives away ;  
O make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

III.

Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken, by thy almighty power,  
The aged and the young.

IV.

One thing demands our care ;  
O be it still pursu'd !  
Lest slighted once the season fair,  
Should never be renew'd.

V.

To *Jesus* may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light ;  
Lest life's young golden beams should die  
In sudden endless night.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

*The One Thing needful.* Luke x. 42.

I.

**W**HY will ye lavish out your years,  
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?  
While in this various range of thought,  
*The One Thing needful* is forgot.

II.

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind ?  
While angels, with regret, look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown.

III.

Th' eternal *God* calls from above,  
And *Jesus* pleads his dying love ;  
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain ;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

IV.

Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects, which you now pursue ;  
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.

V.

Almighty *God*, thy power impart  
To fix conviction on the heart :  
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,  
And makes the proudest scorner wise.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXC.

*A Dying Saviour.*

I.

**S**TRETCH'D on the cross the *Saviour* dies ;  
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !  
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

II.

But life attends the deathful fount,  
And flows from every bleeding wound ;  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

III.

To suffer in the traitor's place,  
To die for man, surprizing grace !  
Yet pass rebellious angels by !  
O why for man, dear *Saviour*, why !

IV.

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?  
And could the sun behold the deed ?  
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,  
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

V.

Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love or pain ?

Come,

Come, dearest *Lord*, thy power impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;  
Till all its powers and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

## H Y M N CCXCI.

*Faith.*

I.

**F**AITH!—'tis a precious grace.  
Where'er it is bestow'd !  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of *God*,

II.

*Jesus* it owns a *King*,  
An all-atoning *Priest*,  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in *Christ*.

III.

To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress ;  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.

IV.

Since 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free ;  
*Lord*, send the *Spirit* of thy *Son*,  
To work this Faith in me.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXCII.

*Faith.* 2 Cor. v. 7.

I.

**F**AITH, rising upward, points her view  
To regions in the skies ;  
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew  
In bright perspective rise.

II.

Oh ! if this heaven-born grace were mine,  
Would not my spirit soar,  
Transported gaze on joys divine,  
And cleave to earth no more ?

III.

If in my heart true faith appears,  
How weak the sacred ray !  
Feebly aspiring, press'd with fears,  
Almost it dies away.

IV.

O thou, from whose almighty breath  
It first began to rise,  
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,  
And bid it reach the skies.

V.

Let this weak, erring mind no more  
On earth bewilder'd rove ;  
But with celestial ardor soar  
To endless joys above,

H Y M N



H Y M N CCXCIII.

*Devoting the Heart to Jesus.*

I.

*J*ESUS, what shall I do to show  
How much I love thy glorious name?  
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,  
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

II.

Yes, dearest *Lord*, my heart is thine,  
Sacred to thee be all its powers!  
O bid me give to love divine  
The little remnant of my hours!

III.

Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours,  
How mean the tribute you can raise!  
The grace my thankful soul adores,  
Claims an eternity of praise.

IV.

*Lord*, if a distant glimpse of thee  
Can give such sweet, such rich delight;  
What must their joy, their transport be  
Who dwell for ever in thy fight?

V.

To that bright world my heart aspires,  
Where all the glories of thy face  
Unveil'd, shall fill the soul's desires,  
And tune the song of boundless grace!

O teach

VI.

O teach my heart, my life, my voice  
To celebrate thy wond'rous love !  
Fulfil my hopes, complete my joys,  
And bid me join the songs above

H Y M N CCXCIV.

*A Thought of Life and Death.*

I.

**T**HAT Friend who left his throne above,  
Met death, the tyrant's dart,  
And (O, amazing power of love !)  
Receiv'd it in his heart.

II.

Here fix my soul, for life is here,  
Light breaks amid the gloom ;  
Trust in the *Saviour's* love, nor fear  
The horrors of the tomb.

III.

*Jesus*, in thee alone I trust,  
O tell me I am thine !  
I yield this mortal frame to dust,  
Eternal life is mine.

IV.

Those happy realms of joy and peace  
Fain would my heart explore,  
Where grief and pain for ever cease,  
And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXCV.

*The Love of Christ exciting thankful Devotion.*

I.

O Dearer to my thankful heart  
Than all the circling sun surveys!  
Thy presence only can impart  
Light, peace, and gladness to my days.

II.

Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,  
Ev'n cold affliction's wintry gloom  
Shall brighten into vernal day,  
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

III.

Vain world, be gone with all thy toys;  
I have no room for trifles here:  
My heart aspires to nobler joys;  
Thy fairest glories disappear.

VI.

Bright realms of bliss, where *Jesus* reigns,  
My wish, my care, my hope invite:  
Where raptur'd seraphs tune their strains  
To themes of infinite delight.

V.

See, *Lord*, thy willing subject bows  
Adoring low before thy throne:  
To thee, I gladly pay my vows;  
Thou art my sov'reign, thou alone.

Smile

VI.

Smile on my soul, and bid me sing,  
In concert with the choir above,  
The glories of my *Saviour, King*,  
The condescensions of his love.

VII.

Amazing love ! that stoop'd so low,  
To view with pity's melting eye  
A wretch deserving endless woe !  
Amazing love !—did *Jesus* die !—

VIII.

He died, to raise to life and joy  
The vile, the guilty, the undone,  
O let his praise my hours employ,  
'Till hours no more their circles run :

IX.

He died !—ye seraphs tune your songs,  
Resound, resound the *Saviour's* name :  
For nought below immortal tongues,  
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

H Y M N CCXCVI.

*On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.*

I.

**L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare  
Look up to thy divine abode ?  
Or offer their imperfect prayer  
Before a just, a holy *God* ?

Y y

Bright

II.

Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,  
And dazling glories veil thy face !  
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,  
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

III.

O may our souls thy grace adore,  
May *Jesus* plead our humble claim ;  
While thy protection we implore,  
In his prevailing glorious name.

IV.

With all the boasted pomp of war  
In vain we dare the hostile field,  
In vain, unless the *Lord* be there,  
Thy arm alone is *Britain's* shield.

V.

Let past experience of thy care  
Support our hope, our trust invite !  
Again attend our humble prayer,  
Again be mercy thy delight !

VI.

Our arms succeed, our councils guide,  
Let thy right hand our cause maintain ;  
'Till war's destructive rage subside,  
And peace resume her gentle reign.

VII.

O when shall time the period bring  
When raging War shall waste no more ;  
When Peace shall stretch her balmy wing  
From Europe's coast to India's shore ?

When



## VIII.

When shall the gospel's healing ray

(Kind source of amity divine!)

Spread o'er the world celestial day?

When shall the nations, *Lord*, be thine?

## H Y M N CCXCVII.

*For a Day of public Thanksgiving for Peace.*

## I.

**G**REAT *God* inspire each heart and tongue  
Thy wond'rous goodness to proclaim;  
And bid the animating song

Glow with devotion's lively flame.  
To thee let favour'd Britain raise  
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.

## II.

But where shall we begin to trace  
The wonders of thy hand divine?  
In every season, every place

How num'rous and how bright they shine.  
To *God* ye favour'd Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

## III.

Abroad, protection and success  
Proclaim'd that Britain's *God* was there;  
At home, he bade fair plenty bless,

The fruitful fields confess'd his care;  
To *God* ye favour'd Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

But

IV.

But yet beneath the hostile sword  
Has many a worthy Patriot bled,  
And many a mourning heart deplor'd  
A friend, a son, a brother dead!  
The sword is sheath'd – ye Britons raise  
To *God* your sweetest notes of praise.

V.

The horrors of the sanguine field  
Which sadden'd victory's fairest plume,  
To scenes of pleasure now shall yield  
And peace her gentle reign resume.  
To *God*, ye favour'd Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

VI.

Kind peace, from her propitious smiles  
What num'rous, various blessings flow!  
Great *God*, to thee these happy isles  
Unnumber'd obligations owe.  
To thee let favor'd Britain raise  
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.

VIII.

Crown, gracious *God*, thy gifts of peace  
With gifts yet nobler, more divine!  
O let thy all-prevailing grace  
Make Britain more entirely thine?  
Devotion then to thee shall raise  
Sublimar notes of thankful praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXCVIII.

*The King of Saints.*

I.

COME ye that love the *Saviour's* name,  
And joy to make it known :  
The sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne

II.

Behold your *King*, your *Saviour* crown'd  
With glories all-divine ;  
And tell the wond'ring nations round  
How bright those glories shine.

III.

While majesty's effulgent blaze  
Surrounds his awful brow ;  
E'en angels tremble as they gaze,  
And veil'd adoring bow.

IV.

But love attempers every ray,  
Love, how divinely sweet !  
That stoops to view the sons of clay,  
And calls them to his feet !

V.

Infinite power and boundless grace,  
In him unite their rays :  
You that have e'er beheld his face,  
Can you forbear his praise?

When

VI.

When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our *King*;  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.

VII.

And shall we long and wish in vain?  
*Lord* teach our songs to rise!  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.

VIII.

O happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

H Y M N CCXCIX.

*To Jesus.*

I.

*J*ESUS, in thy transporting name,  
What blissful glories rise!  
*Jesus*, the angels' sweetest theme!  
The wonder of the skies!

II.

Well might the skies with wonder view  
A love so strange as thine!  
No thought of angels ever knew,  
Compassion so divine!

Didst

III.

Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,  
And boundless realms of day ;  
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown)  
To dwell in feeble clay ?

IV.

*Jesur*, and didst thou leave the sky,  
For miseries and woes ?  
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,  
For vile rebellious foes ?

V.

Victorious love ! can language tell  
The wonders of thy power,  
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,  
In that tremendous hour ?

VI.

Is there a heart that will not bend,  
To thy divine controul ?  
Descend, O sovereign *Love*, descend  
And melt that stubborn soul.

VII.

O may our willing hearts confess  
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;  
Glad captives of resistless grace,  
Thy pleasing rule obey.

VIII.

Come dearest *Lord*, extend thy reign,  
'Till rebels rise no more ;  
Thy praise all nature then shall join,  
And heaven and earth adore.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCC.

*Mercy and Truth met together.*

I.

WHEN first the *God* of boundless grace !  
Disclos'd his kind design,  
To rescue our apostate race  
From misery, shame and sin.

II.

Quick, through the realms of light and bliss,  
The joyful tidings ran ;  
Each heart exulted at the news,  
That *God* would dwell with man.

III.

Yet, 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile,  
And ask'd with strange surprize,  
" But how can injur'd justice smile,  
Or look with pitying eyes ?

IV.

" Will the Almighty deign again  
To visit yonder world ;  
And hither bring rebellious men,  
Whence rebels once were hurl'd ?

V.

" Their tears, and groans, and deep distress  
Aloud for mercy call ;  
But ah ! must truth and righteousness,  
To mercy victims fall ?"

VI.

So spake the friends of *God* and man,  
Delighted, yet surpriz'd;  
Eager to know the wond'rous plan,  
That wisdom had devis'd,

VII.

The *Son* of *God* attentive heard,  
And quickly thus reply'd,  
"In me let mercy be rever'd,  
And justice satisfy'd.

VIII.

"Behold! my vital blood I pour,  
A sacrifice to *God*;  
Let angry justice now no more  
Demand the sinner's blood."

IX.

He spake, and heaven's high arches rung;  
Praise, every tongue employs;--  
"He dy'd," the friendly angels sung,  
Nor cease their rapturous joys.

H Y M N C C C I.

*An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.*

I.

**Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For every hungry guest.

Z z

See,

II,

See, *Jesus* stands with open arms ;  
He calls, he bids you come :  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
But see, there yet is room.

III.

Room in the *Saviour's* bleeding heart ;  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.

IV.

In him the father reconcil'd  
Invites your souls to come ;  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.

V.

O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love ;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.

VI.

There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In extasies unknown.

VIII.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,  
Are welcome still to come :  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;  
Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCII.

*The Resurrection and Ascension.*

I.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :  
See! he rises from the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.

Hallelujah.

II.

'Tis the *Saviour*, angels, raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Hallelujah.

III.

Now, ye faints, lift up your eyes,  
Now to glory see him rise,  
In long triumph up the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.

Hallelujah.

IV.

Heaven displays her portals wide,  
Glorious Hero, through them ride ;  
*King of Glory*, mount thy throne,  
Thy great *Father's* and thy own.

Hallelujah.

Praise

V.

Praise him all ye heavenly choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;  
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,  
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Hallelujah.

VI.

Every note with wonder swell,  
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell ;  
Where is hell's once dreaded *King* ?  
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

Hallelujah.

H Y M N CCCIII.

*God the only Refuge of a troubled Mind.*

I.

**D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise ;  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

II.

While hope revives, though press'd with fears,  
And I can say, " My God,"  
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares  
And pour my woes abroad.

III.

To thee, I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal.

Thy



Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

IV.

But, Oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

V.

Yet, gracious *God*, where shall I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

VI.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sov'reign Grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?

VII.

No, still the ear of sov'reign Grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer ;  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there.

VIII.

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;  
Here let my soul retreat ;  
With numble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCIV.

*The Necessity of renewing Grace.*

I.

**H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise  
To happiness and *God*,

II.

The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray ;  
Reason, debas'd, can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.

III.

Can ought beneath a Pow'r divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, *Eternal Spirit*, thine  
To form the heart anew.

IV.

'Tis thine the passions to recal,  
And upward bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes.

V.

To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live !  
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.

O change

VI.

O change these wretched hearts of our's,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty *Lord*, be thine.

H Y M N CCCV.

*The Pearl of great Price,*

I.

**Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine ;  
A *real* prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all-divine.

II.

Be gone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense ;—  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense !

III.

*Jesus*, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet !  
*Jesus*, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

IV.

Should both the Indies, at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign ;  
With joy I would renounce them all  
For leave to call thee mine.

Should

V.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possess'd ;  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever bless'd.

VI.

Dear *Sov'reign* of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine ;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

H Y M N CCCVI.

*The Exalted Saviour.*

I.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,  
And join the blissful choirs above ;  
There our exalted *Saviour* reigns,  
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

II.

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,  
O may we feel the sacred flame ;  
And every heart and every tongue  
Adore the *Saviour's* glorious name.

III,

*Jesus*, who once upon the tree  
In agonizing pains expir'd ;  
Who dy'd for rebels,—yes 'tis He !  
How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !

*Jesus*

IV.

*Jesus* who dy'd that we might live,  
Dy'd in the wretched traytor's place;—  
O what returns can mortals give,  
For such immeasurable grace!

V.

Were universal nature ours,  
And art with all her boasted store;  
Nature and art with all their powers,  
Would still confess the off'rer poor!

VI.

Yet though for bounty, so divine,  
We ne'er can equal honors raise,  
*Jesus*, may all our hearts be thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

H Y M N CCCVII.

*Satan repulsed; or, Despair prevented, by Views  
of the Divine Mercy.*

I.

'**T** I S false thou vile Accuser, go,  
(I see through all the thin disguise;)  
Back, to thy native realms below,  
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

II.

Think not to drive my trembling soul,  
Laden with guilt, to black despair;  
Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,  
And found my name not written there?



III.

Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,  
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign;  
What other happy souls have found,  
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

IV.

I own my guilt, thy charge confess,  
Nor can thy malice make it more;  
Of crimes already numberless,  
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

V.

Set the black list before my sight;  
While I remember *Jesus* dy'd,  
'Twill only urge my speedier flight  
To seek salvation at his side.

VII.

Low at his feet I'll cast me down,  
To him reveal my grief and fear;  
And, if he spurn me from his throne,  
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

H Y M N CCCVIII.

*A warm coal for a cold heart.*

**M**USING on my habitation,  
Musing on my heav'nly home,  
Fills my soul with holy longing,  
Come, my *Jesus*, quickly come.  
Vanity, is all I see,  
*Lord!* I long to be with thee.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CCCIX.

*Faith's Conflict.*

## I.

**T**HEE, *Jesu*, thee, the sinner's *Friend*,  
 I follow on to apprehend,  
 Renew the glorious strife;  
 Divinely confident and bold,  
 With Faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,  
 Thee my eternal life.

## II.

Pri'sner of hope to thee I turn,  
 And calmly, confidently mourn,  
 And pray, and weep for thee:  
 Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,  
 Thy mystic name in me reveal,  
 Reveal thyself in me.

## III.

Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,  
 O *Lord of Hosts*, thy glorious name,  
 'The *Lord*, the gracious *Lord*;  
 Long-suff'ring, merciful and kind,  
 The *God* who always bears in mind,  
 His everlasting word.

## IV.

Mercy he doth for thousands keep,  
 He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,  
 And brings his wand'rer home;

Each

Each weary soul that sheep might be,  
Come then, my *Lord*, and gather me,  
My *Jesus*, quickly come !

## V.

Take me into thy people's rest,  
Oh ! come, and with my sole request,  
My one desire comply ;  
Make me partaker of my hope,  
Then bid me get me quickly up,  
And on thy bosom die.

## H Y M N CCCX.

*The Life of a saved Sinner.*

## I.

**C**ONTENT and glad I'll ever be,  
To have Salvation, *Lord*, from thee  
Ev'n as a sinner poor :  
I nothing have, I nothing am,  
My treasure's in the bleeding *Lamb*,  
Both now and evermore.

## II.

The more thro' grace myself I know,  
The more content I am to bow,  
And sink beneath thy cross ;  
And live by faith upon thy blood,  
Waiting on thee for ev'ry good,  
And count my gain but loss.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXI.

*Christ the Rose of Sharon.*

I.

*J*ESUS, the saints' perpetual theme!—  
What fragrant odours fill the name  
Of lovely *Sharon's Rose*!

As ointment poured out, it spreads  
A sweet perfume, an unction sheds,  
Whence joy celestial flows.

II.

Fairest among ten thousand, fair  
As lillies which the vallies bear,  
Lowly, but spotless He;  
With guileless innocence *white*,  
The pure, the perfect *Nazarite*,  
Void of iniquity.

III.

He's *ruddy* too, with blood distain'd,  
Blood, which his *Father's* peace hath gain'd,  
For me avails that blood;  
By faith the sanguine stream I see  
Gush from his body on the tree,  
A purifying flood.

When

## IV.

When from this crimson tide distils  
 One drop, with sacred joy it fills,  
     It heals, it warms my heart ;  
 A fore-taste of the bliss above,  
 A heav'n I feel in *Jesu's* love,  
     And yet but know in part.

## V.

But when that perfect day shall shine,  
 That cloudless day, when all-divine  
     My soul shall wing its way ;  
 Freed from this clod which damps it's flight  
 I'll soar aloft, and bask in light  
     Of sempiternal day.

## VI.

Then un-impeded shall mine eye  
 My wounded *Lord* with joy descry,  
     And mark his prints of love ;  
 At his pierc'd feet my crown I'll cast,  
 His praise shall with my being last,  
     Who died, but lives above.

## VII.

At sight of him, whose once-marr'd face  
 Now shines with glory, and with grace,  
     O how my joys shall rise !  
 Hasten the moment, *Lord*, when I  
 Shall lay this house terrestrial by,  
     'To dwell in *Paradise* !

HYMN



( 375 )

H Y M N CCCXII.

*The happy Change.*

I.

**L**ORD, I thank thee for that grace  
Shining in thy lovely face;  
Thou appearest reconcil'd  
Call'st me thy beloved child:  
Once I felt thy wrath reveal'd,  
'Till thy grace my pardon seal'd;  
Sunk in grief, despondent I  
Saw thee then in love pass by.

II.

Doubts and fears had fill'd my breast,  
Banish'd peace, and joy, and rest;  
'Till the voice, that calms the sea,  
Gently whisper'd, "Come to me."  
With that word, a pow'r convey'd  
Help'd me to lift up my head:  
Then presented to my view,  
Thee I saw in bloody hue!

III.

From thy hands, and feet, and side,  
I beheld a crimson tide,  
Gushing plenteous down that tree,  
Where thou bow'dst thy head for me.  
Here I wash'd, and wash'd again,  
Dropp'd my load of guilt and pain;  
While the *Spirit* loudly cried,  
"Thou art freely justified."

Now

## IV.

Now my heart from bondage free,  
 Ready is to follow thee ;  
 Prompted by obedient love,  
 In thy work I long to move.  
 Only, *Lord*, my path assign ;  
 I am fully, wholly thine ;  
 Nothing shall my footsteps stay,  
 When my *Saviour* calls away.

## V.

Chearful, happy, may I be,  
 Patient, zealous, bold like thee ;  
 Count the cross my greatest gain,  
 Live enur'd to grief and pain ;  
 Grant, my gracious *Lord*, that I  
 From thy work may never fly ;  
 But to death may faithful prove,  
 Then receive my crown above.

## H Y M N CCCXIII.

*Victory over death through Christ.* 1 Cor. xv. 57.

## I.

**W**HEN death appears before my fight,  
 In all his dire array,  
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
 My courage dies away.

How

## II.

How shall I meet this potent foe,  
 Whose frown my soul alarms ?  
 Dark horror sits upon his brow,  
 And vict'ry waits his arms.

## III.

But see, my glorious leader nigh !  
 My *Lord*, my *Saviour* lives ;  
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
 And my faint heart revives.

## IV.

*Jesus*, be thou my sure defence,  
 My guard for ever near ;  
 And faith shall triumph over sense,  
 And never yield to fear.

## V.

*Lord*, I commit my soul to thee,  
 Accept the sacred trust,  
 Receive this nobler part of me,  
 And watch my sleeping dust.

## VI.

'Till that illustrious morning come,  
 When all thy saints shall rise,  
 And cloath'd in full, immortal bloom,  
 Attend thee to the skies.

## VII.

When thy triumphant armies sing  
 The honors of thy name,  
 And heav'ns eternal arches ring,  
 With glory to the *Lamb*.

## H Y M N CCCXIV.

*Bewailing my own Inconstancy.*

## I.

**I** Love the *Lord*; but ah! how far  
 My thoughts from the dear Object are;  
 This treach'rous heart, how wide it roves!  
 And fancy meets a thousand loves:

## II.

If my soul burn to see my *Gód*,  
 I tread the courts of his abode;  
 But troops of rivals throng the place,  
 And tempt me off before his face,

## III.

Would I enjoy my *Lord* alone,  
 I bid my passions all be gone,  
 All but my *Love*; and charge my will  
 To bar the door, and guard it still.

## IV.

But cares or trifles make, or find  
 Their secret inlets to the mind;  
 'Till I with grief and wonder see  
 Huge crouds betwixt my *Lord* and me.

## V.

Look gently down, almighty *Grace*,  
 Prison me round in thine embrace;  
 Pity the soul that would be thine,  
 And let thy power my love confine.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CCCXV.

*For a Fast-Day in Time of War.*

## I.

**G**REAT *God* of heav'n and nature, rise,  
 And hear our loud united cries ;  
 See Britain bow before thy face  
 Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

## II.

No arm of flesh we make our trust,  
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast ;  
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,  
 And human force and skill are vain.

## III.

Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down  
 On every shore, on every town ;  
 But view us, *Lord*, with pitying eye,  
 And lay th' uplifted thunder by.

## IV.

Forgive the follies of our times,  
 And purge the land from all its crimes ;  
 Reform'd, and deck'd with grace divine,  
 Let prince, and priests, and people shine.

## V.

So shall our *God* delight to bless,  
 And crown our arms with wide success ;  
 Our foes shall dread *Jehovah's* sword,  
 And conqu'ring Britons shout the *Lord*.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCCXVI.

*Social Worship.*

I.

COME, and let us sweetly join.  
*Christ* to praise in Hymns divine;  
Give we all with one accord  
Glory to our common *Lord*.

II.

Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
Sing as in the ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the *Saviour's* love.

III.

Strive we, in affection strive,  
Let the purer flame revive;  
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
Dying champions for their *God*.

IV.

*Jesus*, we thy promise claim,  
We assemble in thy name;  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here.

V.

Sanctify us, *Lord*, and bless  
All our souls with joy and peace;  
Thou thyself within us move,  
Fill us with thy holy love.

Plant

## VI.

Plant in us thy humble mind,  
 Patient, pitiful and kind ;  
 Meek and lowly let us be,  
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

## H Y M N CCCXVII.

*Family Religion.* Gen. xviii 19.

## I.

**F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
 Which crowns our families with peace ;  
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand,  
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.

## II.

To *God*, most worthy to be prais'd,  
 Be our domestic altars rais'd ;  
 Who, *Lord* of heav'n, scorns not to dwell  
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

## III.

To thee may each united house,  
 Morning and night, present its vows ;  
 Our servants there, and rising race  
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

## IV.

O may each future age proclaim  
 The honors of thy glorious name ;  
 While pleas'd and thankful, we remove  
 To join the family above.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXVIII.

*Submission to God under Affliction.*

I.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,  
Ye busy cares be still ;  
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,  
Nor murmur at his will.

II.

Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;  
Nor dares my guilty fear,  
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,  
Pronounce his hand severe.

III.

To soften ev'ry painful stroke,  
Indulgent mercy bends ;  
And unrepining when I plead,  
His gracious ear attends.

IV.

Let me reflect with humble awe,  
Whene'er my heart complains,  
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,  
How easy are my pains !

V.

Yes Lord, I own thy sov'reign hand,  
Thou just, and wise, and kind ;  
Be ev'ry anxious thought suppress'd,  
And all my soul resign'd,

But

## VI.

But Oh ! indulge this only wish,  
 This boon I must implore ;  
 Assure my soul, that thou art mine ;  
 My *God*, I ask no more.

## H Y M N CCCXIX.

*Retirement and Reflection.*

## I.

**E**TERNITY, tremendous sound !  
 To guilty souls, a dreadful wound !  
 But Oh ! if *Christ* and heav'n be mine,  
 How sweet the accents ! how divine !

## II.

Be this my chief, my only care,  
 My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r,  
 An int'rest in the *Saviour's* blood,  
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with *God*.

## III.

But should my brightest hopes be vain,  
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain !  
 My fears, O gracious *God*, remove,  
 Confirm my title to thy love.

## IV.

Search, *Lord*, O search my inmost heart,  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;  
 From guilt and error set me free,  
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXX.

J E S U S.

I.

*J*ESUS! a name of sweetest sound:  
How fast it chains the willing ear!  
It spreads delicious fragrance round,  
At once to gratify and cheer,

II.

By it, the heav'nly host above,  
And each redeemed faint below,  
Are kindled into holy love,  
And feel their hearts with rapture glow.

III.

And who that ever felt the pain,  
The anguish of a wounded heart,  
And found all other means in vain,  
To heal the wound, or ease the smart!

IV.

Who that has known its saving might,  
To rescue from the pow'r of sin,  
Can hear this name without delight,  
Can hear and feel no flame within?

V.

*J*esus! a name of sweetest sound!  
It chains, it charms the captive ear,  
And spreads balsamic odors round,  
The wounded heart to heal and cheer.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCCXXI.

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times.* Ifai. v. 2, &c.

I.

**H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Sion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues  
And words of peace reveal.

II.

How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
“ *Sion*, behold thy *Saviour King*,  
He reigns and triumphs here.”

III.

How happy are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light ;  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But dy'd without the sight.

IV.

How happy are our ears.  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And fought, but never found.

V.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And sweetest notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

VI.

The *Lord* makes bare his arm  
Wide through the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their *Saviour* and their *God*.

H Y M N CCCXXII.

*Asking the Way to Sion.* Jer. l. 5.

I.

**E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
That leads to Sion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determin'd will.

II.

Invite the strangers all around,  
Your pious march to join;  
And spread the sentiments, you feel,  
Of faith and love divine.

III.

O come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favor there;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent prayer!

IV.

O come, and join your souls to *God*  
In everlasting bands,  
And seize the blessings, he bestows,  
With thankful hearts and hands,

H Y M N

## H Y M N CCCXXIII.

*Christ the Shepherd, feeding his People in the Wilderness. John vi. 8, &c.*

## I.

SEE *Israel's* gentle *Shepherd* stands,  
With melting heart, and lifted hands ;  
He calls ten thousand souls to prove,  
The blessings of redeeming love.

## II.

Thou art our *Shepherd*, we thy sheep,  
Thy mercy chose, thy pastures keep ;  
Pastures and streams are in thy hand,  
And earth and heav'n at thy command.

## III.

While passing thro' this desert place,  
This earth's wide, lonely wilderness ;  
May ev'ry fainting soul be fed,  
With living streams and heav'nly bread.

## IV.

O may thy care our wants supply,  
And all our blessings multiply,  
While with a frugal care we keep,  
Whate'er remains, for other sheep.

## V.

For care of us our *Lord* demands  
The care of others at our hands ;  
The men who imitate his love,  
Earth will admire and heav'n approve:

H Y M N.

## H Y M N CCCXXIV.

*On Recovery from Sicknefs.*

## I.

GOD of my life, to thee belong  
 The thankful heart, the grateful fong;  
 Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord,  
 Resounds the goodness of the *Lord*.

## II.

Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,  
 And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;  
 The venom'd arrows vainly fly,  
 When *God*, our great deliverer's nigh.

## III.

Yet why, dear *Lord*, this tender care?  
 Why does thy hand thus kindly rear  
 An useless cumb'rer of the ground,  
 On which no pleasant fruits are found?

## IV.

Still may the barren fig-tree stand!  
 And, cultivated by thy hand,  
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,  
 Meet tribute to its bounteous *Lord*.

## V.

So shall thy praise employ my breath  
 Through life, and in the arms of death  
 My soul the pleasant theme prolong,  
 Then rise to aid th' angelic fong.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXXV.

*A Morning Song.*

I.

**L**ORD of my life, O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest pow'rs,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.

II.

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,  
I pass'd the shades of night,  
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,  
And see returning light.

III.

While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains, and woes ;  
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,  
And undisturb'd repose.

IV.

When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay,  
Thy watchful care was round my bed,  
To guard my feeble clay.

V.

O let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend ;  
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,  
My heedless steps defend.

Smile



## VI.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
 And guide my future days ;  
 And let thy goodness fill my soul  
 With gratitude and praise.

## H Y M N CCCXXVI.

*Light and Deliverance.*

## I.

**J**ESUS, to thy soul-chearing light,  
 My dawn of hope I owe ;  
 Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,  
 And lost in hopeless woe.

## II.

'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the slave,  
 And set the pris'ner free ;  
 Be all I am, and all I have,  
 Devoted, *Lord*, to thee !

## III.

But stronger ties than nature knows,  
 My grateful love confine ;  
 And ev'n that love, thy hand bestows,  
 Which wishes to be thine.

## IV.

Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,  
 And live upon thy word :  
 O give me warmer love and zeal,  
 To serve my dearest *Lord*.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXXVII.

*The Presence of God the Life and Light of the Soul.*

I.

**M**Y God, my hope, if thou art mine,  
Why should my soul with sorrow pine,  
On thee alone I cast my care ;  
O leave me not in dark despair.

II.

Though ev'ry comfort should depart,  
And life forsake this drooping heart ;  
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,  
Can chase the shades of death away.

III.

My God, my life, if thou appear,  
Not death itself can make me fear ;  
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,  
And gilds the horrors of the tomb,

IV.

Not all its horrors can affright,  
If thou appear, my God, my light ;  
Thy love shall all my fears controul,  
And glory dawn around my soul.

V.

Should all created blessings fade,  
And mourning nature, disarray'd,  
Deplore her ev'ry charm withdrawn,  
Light, hope and joy, for ever gone.

Though

## VI.

Though nought remain below the sky,  
 To please my taste, my ear, my eye,  
 Be thou my hope, my life, my light,  
 Amid the universal night.

## VII.

My *God*, be thou for ever nigh;  
 Beneath the radiance of thine eye,  
 My hope, my joy, shall ever rise,  
 Nor terminate below the skies.

## H Y M N CCCXXVIII.

*The Example of Christ.*

## I.

**A**ND is the gospel, peace and love?  
 Such let our conversation be;  
 The serpent blended with the dove,  
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

## II.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
 To *Jesus* let us lift our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!

## III.

O how benevolent and kind!  
 How mild! how ready to forgive!  
 Be this the temper of our mind,  
 And these the rules by which we live.

To

## IV.

To do his heav'nly *Father's* will,  
 Was his employment and delight ;  
 Humility and holy zeal  
 Shone through his life, divinely bright !

## V.

Dispensing good where'er he came,  
 The labors of his life were love ;  
 O, if we love the *Saviour's* name,  
 Let his divine example move,

## VI.

But ah how blind ! how weak we are !  
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !  
*Lord*, we depend upon thy care,  
 And ask thy *Spirit* for our guide.

## VII.

Thy fair example may we trace,  
 To teach us what we ought to be ;  
 Make us by thy transforming grace,  
 Dear *Saviour*, daily more like thee.

## H Y M N CCCXXIX.

*Death conquered, and Heaven opened.*

## I.

*J*ESUS, my *Saviour*, and my *God*,  
 To thee my trembling spirit flies ;  
 Thy merits, thy atoning blood—  
 On these alone my soul relies.

II.

O let thy love's all-pow'rful ray  
With pleasing force, divine controul,  
Arise, and chase those clouds away,  
And shine around my doubting soul.

III.

Then shall I change the mournful strain,  
And bid my hopes and thoughts arise,  
Above these gloomy seats of pain,  
To the bright worlds beyond the skies.

IV.

With chearful heart I then shall sing,  
And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe—  
O death, where is thy pointed sting?  
My *Saviour* wards the fatal blow.

V.

O when will that illustrious day,  
When will that blissful moment come,  
That shall my weary soul convey  
Safe to her everlasting home?

VI.

Then shall I leave these fetters here,  
And upwards rise to joys unknown;  
And call, without an anxious fear,  
The fair inheritance my own.

VII.

Adieu to all terrestrial things;  
Come bear me through the starry road,  
Bright seraphs, on your soaring wings,  
To see my *Saviour*, and my *God*.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCCXXX.

*The Employ of the united Choirs of Heaven.*

I.

**L**IFT your eyes of faith and see  
Saints and angels join'd in one ;  
What a countless company

Stands before yon dazzling throne !  
Each before his *Saviour* stands,  
All in milk-white robes array'd,  
Palms they carry in their hands,  
Crowns of glory on their head.

II.

Saints begin their endless song,  
Cry aloud in heavenly lays ;  
Glory doth to *God* belong,  
*God*, the glorious *Saviour* praise:  
All salvation from him came.

Him who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Glory to the bleeding *Lamb*,  
Let the morning-stars reply.

III.

Angel-pow'rs the throne resound,  
Next the saints in glory they ;  
Lull'd with the transporting sound,  
They their silent homage pay,  
Prostrate on their face before  
*God*, and his *Messiah* fall,  
Then in Hymns of praise adore,  
Shout the *Lamb* that dy'd for all.

## IV.

Be it so they all reply,  
 Him let all our orders praise,  
 Him that did for sinners die,  
*Saviour* of the favor'd race :  
 Render we our *God* his right,  
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,  
 Honor, majesty, and might,  
 Praise him, praise him evermore.

## H Y M N CCCXXXI.

*Prayer for Conversion.*

## I.

**T**HOU *God* of glorious majesty !  
 To thee, against myself, to thee  
 A worm of earth I cry :  
 An half-awaken'd child of man,  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
 A sinner born to die.

## II.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure—insensible !  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell !

O *God*

III.

O *God!* my inmost soul convert !  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,  
Eternal things impress !  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of *Fate*,  
And 'wake to righteousness !

IV.

Before me place in dread array,  
'The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar,  
And tell me, *Lord*, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom !

V.

Be this my one great bus'ness here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
My future bliss t' insure !  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure !

VI.

Then, *Saviour*, then my soul receive,  
'Transported from the vale to live  
And reign with thee above ;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

H Y M N

H Y M N . CCCXXXII.

*The Shortness and Uncertainty of Life.*

I.

G R E A T *Father* of eternity,  
How short are ages in thy sight !  
A thousand years, how swift they fly,  
Like one short, silent watch of night !

II.

Thy anger, like a swelling flood,  
Comes o'er the world with dreadful sway ;  
The tempest speaks th' offended *God*,  
And sweeps the guilty race away.

III.

Uncertain life, how soon it flies !  
Dream of an hour ! how short our bloom !  
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,  
Cut down e'er night to fill the tomb.

IV.

Our days, alas, how short their bound !  
Tho' slow and sad they seem to run,  
Revolving years roll swiftly round ;  
A mournful tale, but quickly done.

V.

Teach us to count our short'ning days,  
And with true diligence apply  
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,  
That we may learn to live and die.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

*Praise to God as Creator.*

I.

PRAISE ye the *Lord*; 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite,  
To make this duty our delight.

II.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names,  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd

III.

Sing to the *Lord*, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

IV.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

V.

What is the creature's skill or force;  
The sprightly man or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him.

But



VI.

But faints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight ;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks and loves his image there.

H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

*Encouragement under Desertion.*

I.

C O M E, O ye faints, your voices raise,  
To *God* in grateful songs ;  
And let the mem'ry of his grace,  
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

II.

His frown, what mortal can sustain ?  
But soon his anger dies ;  
His life-restoring smile again  
Returns, and sorrow flies.

III.

Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,  
And light and hope depart,  
His smile celestial morning sheds,  
And joy revives the heart.

IV.

To thee, my gracious *God*, I raise  
My thankful heart and tongue ;  
O be thy goodness and thy praise,  
My everlasting song.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXXXV.

*Ingratitude reprov'd.*

I.

YE warblers of the vernal shade,  
Whose artless music charms my ear,  
Your lively songs, my heart upbraid,  
My languid heart how insincere !  
While all your little pow'rs collected, raise  
A tribute to your great *Creator's* praise.

II.

Ye lovely offspring of the ground,  
Flow'rs of a thousand beauteous dyes,  
You spread your *Maker's* glory round,  
And breathe your odours to the skies :  
Unfully'd, you display your lively bloom,  
Unmingled, you present your sweet perfume.

III.

Ye winds that waft the fragrant spring,  
You whisp'ring, spread his name abroad,  
Or shake the air with sounding wing  
And speak the awful pow'r of *God* ;  
His will, with swift obedience, you perform,  
Or in the gentle gale, or dreadful storm.

IV.

Ye radiant orbs that guide the day,  
Or deck the sable vale of night ;  
His wondrous glory you display.  
Whose hand imparts your useful light :

Your constant task, unwearied you pursue,  
Nor deviate from the path your *Maker* drew.

## V.

My *God*, shall ev'ry creature join  
In praises to thy glorious name,  
And this ungrateful heart of mine,  
Refuse the universal theme?  
Well may the *stars* and *winds*, the *birds* and *flow'rs*,  
Reprove the heart that brings not all its pow'rs.

## VI.

Thy grace this languid heart can raise,  
These dissipated pow'rs unite,  
Can bid me pay my debt of praise  
With love sincere, and true delight;  
O let thy grace inspire my heart, my tongue!  
Then shall I grateful join creation's song.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

*On the Resurrection.*

## I.

**C**hristians, dismiss your fear;  
Let hope and joy succeed.  
The great good news with gladness hear,  
*The Lord is ris'n indeed!*  
The shades of death withdrawn,  
His eyes their beams display.  
So 'wakes the sun, when rosy dawn  
Unbars the gates of day.

The

## II.

The promise is fulfill'd,  
 Salvation's work is done ;  
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,  
 And *God* hath rais'd his *Son*.  
 He quits the dark abode,  
 From all corruption free :  
 The holy, harmless *Child* of *God*  
 Could no corruption see.

## III.

Angels with saints above  
 The rising *Victor* sing ;  
 And all the blissful seats of love  
 With loud *Hofannas* ring.  
 Ye pilgrims too below,  
 Your hearts and voices raise,  
 Let every breast with gladness glow ;  
 And every mouth sing praise.

## IV.

My soul, thy *Saviour* laud,  
 Who all thy sorrows bore,  
 Who died for sin, but lives to *God*,  
 And lives to die no more.  
 His death procur'd thy peace,  
 His resurrection's thine ;  
 Believe ; receive the full release ;  
 'Tis seal'd with blood divine.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

*Salvation to the Lamb.*

## I.

**P**OOR sinner, come, cast off thy fear,  
 And raise thy drooping head ;  
 Come, sing with all poor sinners here,  
*Jesus*, who once was dead.

*Salvation* sing ; no word more meet  
 To join to *Jesu's* name ;  
 Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat,  
*Salvation to the Lamb.*

## II.

Saints, from the garden to the cross  
 Your conqu'ring *Lord* pursue.  
 Who, dearly to redeem your loss,  
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you :  
 Now reigns victorious over death,  
 The glorious great I AM ;  
 Let every soul repeat with faith,  
*Salvation to the Lamb.*

## III.

When we incurr'd the wrath of *God*,  
 (Alas ! what could we worse !)  
 He came, and with his own heart's blood  
 Redeem'd us from the curse :  
 This *Paschal Lamb*, our heav'nly meat,  
 Endur'd vindictive flame ;  
 Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,  
*Salvation to the Lamb.*

H Y M N



H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.

*Put on the whole Armour of God. Eph. vi. 11.*

I.

**G**IRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,  
Lo ! thy Captain calls thee out :  
Let the danger make thee bolder ;  
War in weakness ; dare in doubt.  
Buckle on thy heav'nly armour,  
Patch up no inglorious peace ;  
Let thy courage wax the warmer,  
As thy foes and fears increase.

II.

**B**IND thy golden girdle 'round thee,  
*Truth* to keep thee firm and tight ;  
Never shall the foe confound thee,  
While the truth maintains thy fight ;  
*Righteousness* within thee rooted,  
May appear to take thy part ;  
But let righteousness imputed  
Be the *breast-plate* of thy heart.

III.

Shod with gospel-preparation,  
In the paths of promise tread ;  
Let the hope of free salvation,  
As a *helmet* guard thy head :  
When beset with various evils,  
Wield the *Spirit's* two-edg'd sword :  
Cut thy way thro' hosts of devils ;  
While they fall before the *Word*.

But

## IV.

But when dangers closer threaten ;  
 And thy soul draws near to death ;  
 When assaulted fore by Satan,  
 Then object the *shield* of faith :  
 Fiery darts of fierce temptations,  
 Intercepted by thy *God*,  
 There shall lose their force in patience,  
 Sheath in love, and quench'd in blood.

## V.

Tho' to speak thou be not able,  
 Always pray, and never rest ;  
 Prayer's a weapon for the feeble :  
 Weakest souls can wield it best.  
 Ever on thy Captain calling,  
 Make thy worst condition known ;  
 He shall hold thee up when falling,  
 Or shall lift thee up when down.

## H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

*All Things work together for Good.*

## I.

**H**OLY Ghost inspire our praises ;  
 Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues,  
 While we laud the name of *Jesus*,  
 Heav'n will gladly share our songs.  
 Hosts of angels bright and glorious,  
 While we hymn our common *King*,

Will

Will be proud to join the chorus,  
And the *Lord* himself shall sing.

II.

Whofo lives upon his promise,  
Eats his flesh and drinks his blood;  
All that's past, and all to come, is  
For that soul's eternal good;  
Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,  
Shall be profit in the end;  
Ev'ry ordinance a blessing,  
Ev'ry providence a friend.

III.

Christian, dost thou want a teacher,  
Helper, counsellor, or guide?  
Wouldst thou find a proper preacher?  
Ask thy *God*, and he'll provide.  
Build on no man's parts or merit,  
But behold the gospel-plan,  
*Jesus* sends his holy *Spirit*,  
And the *Spirit*, sends the man.

IV.

Bless, dear *Lord*, each lab'ring servant,  
Bless the work they undertake;  
Make them able, faithful, fervent;  
Bless them for thy church's sake:  
All things for our good are given,  
Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods.  
All is ours in earth and heaven:  
We are *Christ's*, and *Christ* is *God's*.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXL.

*Saving Faith.*

I.

THE sinner that truly believes,  
And trusts in a crucified *God*,  
His justification receives,  
Redemption in full thro' his blood :  
Tho' thousands and thousands of foes  
Against him in malice unite,  
Their rage he thro' *Christ* can oppose,  
Led forth by the *Spirit* to fight.

II.

Not all the delusions of sin  
Shall ever seduce him to death :  
He now has the witness within,  
United to *Jesus* by faith ;  
This faith shall eternally fail  
When *Jesus* shall fall from his throne :  
For hell against *both* must prevail,  
Since *Jesus* and he are but *One*.

III.

The faith that unites to the *Lamb*,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere notion or name ;  
The work of *God's Spirit* it is ;  
A principle active and young,  
That lives under pressure and load ;  
That makes out of weakness more strong,  
And draws the soul upwards to *God*.

It

## IV.

It treads on the world, and on hell,  
 It vanquishes death and despair ;  
 And (what is still stranger to tell)  
 It overcomes heaven by pray'r ;  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust  
 With *God* to commune as a friend ;  
 To hope his forgiveness as just ;  
 And look for his love to the end.

## V.

It says to the mountains depart,  
 That stand betwixt *God* and the soul :  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes their fore consciences whole ;  
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,  
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;  
 And makes such a sinner as I  
 As pure as an angel of light.

## HYMN CCCXLI.

## DISMISSION.

**D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, *Lord*,  
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
 What thou hast seen amiss forgive ;  
 May *Christ* the truth within us live !

## II.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,  
 Wash all our works in *Jesu's* blood ;  
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.



## H Y M N CCCXLII.

*Before Meat.*

**B**E present at our table *Lord*,  
 Be here and ev'ry where ador'd;  
 These creatures bless, and grant that we  
 May feast in Paradise with thee.

## H Y M N CCCXLIII.

*Another.*

**T**HOU *Saviour* divine,  
 Most graciously bless  
 These mercies of thine,  
 With spiritual grace :  
 That, while we are tasting  
 Our temporal food,  
 Our souls may be praising  
 The goodness of *God*.

## H Y M N CCCXLIV.

*After Meat.*

**W**E thank thee, *Lord*, for this our food,  
 But more because of *Jesu's* blood ;  
 Let Manna to our souls be giv'n,  
 The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.  
 And O with all thy gifts impart,  
 The blessing of a thankful heart.

Sacra-

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## Sacramental Hymns.

### H Y M N CCCXLV.

*The Communicant self-abased and encouraged.*

#### I.

**E**NCOURAG'D by the word of grace,  
We meet thee at thy table, *Lord*,  
O let us see thy smiling face,  
And one reviving look afford :  
To us the Bread of Life be giv'n,  
The Bread which cometh down from heav'n.

#### II.

We are unworthy we confess  
One crumb of children's bread to taste ;  
But cloathed in thy righteousness  
We humbly venture to the feast :  
Amidst thy saints, dear *Lord*, appear,  
And manifest thy presence here !

#### III.

With heav'nly food our souls refresh,  
To us be known in breaking bread :  
Tasting the symbol of thy flesh,  
May we on gospel manna feed :  
Remind us how thy precious blood  
Was shed, to seal our peace with *God*.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXLVI.

*Our Lord's dying Request.*

I.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the *Son* of *God's* delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

II.

Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest'd, and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake;

III.

This is my body broke for sin,  
Receive and eat the living food:  
Then took the cup and blest'd the wine;  
'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

IV.

"Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,  
"In mem'ry of your dying *Friend*;  
"Meet at my table and record  
"The love of your departed *Lord*."

V.

*Jesus*, thy feast we celebrate,  
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
'Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The Marriage-supper of the *Lamb*.

H Y M N

H Y M N , CCCXLVII.

*My Flesh is Meat indeed, and my Blood is Drink  
indeed. John vi. 55.*

I.

**T**O-day *Immanuel* feeds his sheep,  
The purchase of his blood;  
To-day *Jehovah* keeps a feast,  
For all the sons of God,

II.

The Bread of God is freely giv'n,  
The food of saints above;  
That *Living Bread* sent down from heav'n,  
The fruit of sov'reign love.

III.

Lo! *Christ* our *Shepherd*, gave his life  
To answer all our need;  
His body crucify'd is meat,  
His blood is drink indeed.

IV.

Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,  
And *Living Bread* receive;  
Taste the provision of our G-<sup>d</sup>,  
And freely eat, and live.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

*The Spiritual Feast.*

**O** How good our gracious *God* is !  
 What rich feasts doth he provide ?  
 Bread and wine to feed our bodies ;  
 But much more is signified.  
 All his sheep (amazing wonder)  
 Feeds he with his flesh and blood.  
 Where's the pow'r can tear asunder  
 Souls united thus to *God* ?

## . II.

When we take the sacred symbols  
 Of his body, Bread and Wine ;  
 While the heart relents and trembles,  
 We rejoice with joy divine.  
*Jesus* makes the weakest able,  
 Feed us with his flesh and blood :  
 Needy beggars at his table.  
 Are the welcome guests of *God*.

## III.

Cease thy fears then, weak believer ;  
*Jesus Christ* is still the same,  
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever,  
*Saviour* is his precious name.  
 Lowliness of heart, and meekness  
 To the bleeding *Lamb* belong ;  
 Trust in him, and by his weakness  
 Thou shalt prove that *Christ* is strong.

H Y M N



H Y M N CCCXLIX.

< *Gethsemane.*

I.

COME, all ye chosen saints of *God*,  
That long to feel the cleansing blood,  
In pensive pleasure join with me,  
To sing of sad *Gethsemane*.

II.

'Twas here the *Lord of Life* appear'd,  
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;  
Bore all incarnate *God* could bear,  
With strength enough – and none to spare.

III.

Dispatch'd from heav'n an angel flood,  
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood,  
Ador'd by angels and obey'd;  
But lower now than angels made.

IV.

Three favor'd servants, left not far,  
Were bid to wait and watch the war:  
(But *Christ* withdrawn, what watch we keep!)  
To shun the fight, they sunk in sleep.

V.

Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,  
As if he sought some help from man;  
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole  
( 'Twas all they could ) his tortur'd *Soul*.

Mysterious

VI.

Myſterious conflict ! dark diſguiſe !  
Hid from all creature's peering eyes ;  
Angels aſtoniſh'd view'd the ſcene ;  
And wonder yet, what all could mean.

VII.

And why, dear *Saviour*, tell me why,  
Thou thus would'ſt ſuffer, bleed, and die ?  
What mighty motive thee could move ?  
The motive's plain ; 'twas all for Love.

VIII.

For love of whom ? of ſinners baſe,  
A harden'd ſtock, a rebel race ;  
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,  
And wanton'd with the wounds of *God*,

IX.

When the fair ſun withdrew his light,  
And hid his head, to ſhun the fight ;  
Man view'd unmov'd thy blood's rich ſtream,  
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.

X.

O love of unexampled kind !  
That leaves all thought ſo far behind ;  
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and  
height,  
Are loſt to my aſtoniſh'd fight.

GLORIA

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## GLORIA PATRI, &c.\*

*Or Songs of Praise to the Ever-blessed TRINITY,  
God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

### H Y M N CCCL.

#### I.

**T**O him that chose us first,  
Before the world began ;  
To him that bore the curse,  
To save rebellious man ;  
To him that form'd  
Our hearts anew,  
Is endless praise  
And glory due,

\* Though the *Latin* name of *Gloria Patri*, &c. be retained in our nation from the Roman Church, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the TRINITY, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine Nature, that our *Lord Jesus Christ* hath so clearly revealed, and is so necessary to true Christianity.' *Dr. Watts's Hymns, &c. Page 308.*

II.

The *Father's* love shall run  
Thro' our immortal songs :  
We bring to *God* the *Son*  
*Hosannas* on our tongues :  
Our lips address  
The *Spirit's* name  
With equal praise,  
And zeal the same.

III.

Let every saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever blest and love  
The sacred *Three-in-One* :  
Thus heav'n shall raise  
His honors high,  
When earth and time  
Grow old and die.

H Y M N CCCLI.

*Another.*

**T**O our eternal *God*,  
The *Father* and the *Son*,  
And *Spirit* all divine,  
*Three Mysteries in One.*  
Salvation, pow'r,  
And praise be giv'n,  
By all on earth,  
And all in heav'n.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCLII.

*Another.*

**G**IVE glory to *God*,  
Ye children of men;  
And publish abroad  
Again and again  
The *Son's* glorious merit,  
The *Father's* free grace,  
The gifts of the *Spirit*,  
To *Adam's* lost race.

H Y M N CCCLIII.

HOSANNA; or *Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

I.

**H**OSANNA to the *Son*  
Of *David* and of *God*,  
Who brought the news of pardon down,  
And bought it with his blood.

II.

To *Christ* th' anointed *King*,  
Be endless blessings giv'n;  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

*The*



*The following Titles, Epithets, and Appellations, are expressive of the Nature, Glory, Properties, Offices and Relations of that ever-adorable GOD-MAN, whom Angels and Archangels worship, and Saints upon Earth admire and love above all Things.—The initial Letters of the Lines point out his precious Name.*

Jehovah, God, Almighty, Jah, I AM, \*  
 Emmanuel, Shiloh, Lord of Hosts, the Lamb; †  
 Secret, Desire of nations, Bridegroom, Lord, ‡  
 U nchangeable, Eternal King, the Word; §  
 Saviour the Branch, the Lord our righteousness ||  
 C ounsellor, Root of Jesse, Prince of Peace; \*  
 H oly, True, Faithful, Brother, Father, Friend, †  
 R edeemer, High-priest, Life, B eginning, End; ‡  
 I mmortal, Shepherd, Husband, Shield, & Sun, §  
 S eed of the woman, Precious, Corner-Stone, ||  
 T he Way, the Truth, Messiah, God alone! \*

\* Isa. 12. 2. John 20. 28. Rev. 1. 8. Psal. 68. 4. Exod. 3. 14.

† Matt. 1. 23. Gen. 49. 10. Isa. 6. 5. John 1. 29.

‡ Judg. 13. 18. Hag. 2. 7. John 3. 29. Isa. 43. 11.

§ Mal. 3. 6. 1 Tim. 1. 17. John 1. 1.

|| Isa. 43. 11. Isa. 11. 1. Jer. 23. 6.

\* Isa. 11. 10. Isa. 9. 6. 16 AUG 64 (Isa. 9. 6.

† Isa. 6. 3. 1 John 5. 20. Rev. 19. 14. Gen. 43. 4. Prov. 18. 24.

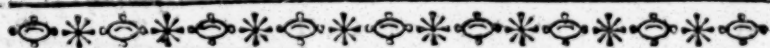
‡ Isa. 44. 6. Heb. 7. 26. John 11. 25. Rev. 1. 8.

§ 1 Tim. 1. 17. John 10. 11. Isa. 54. 5. Psal. 84. 11. Mal. 4. 2.

|| Gen. 3. 15. 1 Pet. 2. 6.

\* John 14. 6.

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